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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES—

Chronicle	137
The Debate on the Address.....	140
Egypt and Uganda	141
"Statistics Reliable"	142
Acephalous Government	142
Some American Matters	143
Noses	144
France	145

MISCELLANEOUS—

Becket at the Lyceum	146
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Cawdor Castle	147
Yachts at the Aquarium	148
Money Matters	149
Christopher Columbus and Lope de Vega	150
Old Friends with New Faces	151
Barrow-in-Furness	152
The Theatres	153

REVIEWS—

The Land of Home Rule	153
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Novels.....	155
Lord Sherbrooke	156
French Book-Plates	157
Some Books on Celtic Literature ..	158
Cats, Cats	159
Diary of an Idle Woman in Con- stantinople	160
Calendars of State Papers, &c.....	161
New Music	162
French Literature.....	163
New Books and Reprints.....	163

ADVERTISEMENTS.....	164-172
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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament.

THE Address was voted in the Upper House yesterday week after a third debate. The opening and principal speech of this came from Lord DUNRAVEN, who, in his double capacity of Welshman and Irishman, opened a double-barrelled fire on the Welsh and Irish projects of the Government and peppered them very handsomely. The rest of the speakers were chiefly Unionist. Lord MONKSWELL, with a piteous plea for the interests of "the working-men of London" (who, we should say, were rather excessively well able to take care of themselves), alone defended the Government. In the Lower House, after question time, and something of a wrangle over the writs (which, however, were all issued without actual division and with less debate in the Meath cases than in that of Rochester), Mr. CARSON resumed a speech which the Gladstonians had rather spitefully forced him to begin out of season the night before. He took full advantage of his opportunity, making very strong points in the Eviction Commission and Gweedore matters more particularly, administering punishment to Mr. MORLEY, which the latter evidently felt, and leaving the Government, as Mr. CARLYLE used to say, "not in dog's likeness." Then, after some minor speeches, Mr. LABOUCHERE rose and revelled, chiefly on the subject of Uganda, which occupied the rest of the evening. Mr. GLADSTONE was evidently uncomfortable in his reply, and it was followed by a joint attempt on the part of the Opposition leaders, Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. GOSCHEN, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, to get out of the Government some definite statement on that important point which we noticed last week, the interim between Sir GERALD PORTAL'S concluding his examination and the Government's making up their minds. But, for some reason, neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT could be got to give any satisfaction on this point, nor even to say whether the instructions promised for Monday would contain information on it or not.

In both Houses on Monday night answers were given to the Uganda questioning which made the ignorance or reticence of the Government on Friday odder than ever. Lord ROSEBERY himself, in reply to Lord BRASSEY in the Upper House, and Mr. GLADSTONE, in

reply to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and others in the Lower, explained that Sir GERALD PORTAL'S instructions were of the most elastic kind, that he was expressly sent in the character of Commissioner Plenipotentiary with which Lord SALISBURY last year invested him in all parts of the British sphere, outside the actual territories of the Company, and that he could make any arrangements that seemed good to him for the dreaded interim. The remaining business in the House of Lords was chiefly occupied with routine arrangements; but two other answers of some importance concerned foreign and colonial policy, Lord KIMBERLEY explaining that the action of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal in relation to Trial by Jury was fully within his rights, and Lord RIPON intimating that the Swaziland negotiations would be resumed, but giving (as indeed was to be expected) no details. In the House of Commons Mr. CARSON (whom we fear Mr. MORLEY will soon come to regard as "My SATAN," to borrow the phrase of a particular friend of his, the late Rector of Lincoln, in reference to an inconvenient person) extracted from the CHIEF SECRETARY the damaging fact that, out of nineteen Viceregal Commissions, cross-examination had been allowed in twelve, and "was not known to have been refused" in the other seven; while Mr. J. W. LOWTHER obtained from Sir EDWARD GREY the confession that the Foreign Office had been unable to find out anything at all about Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN'S orders, doings, or whereabouts. All the spirit was taken out of the continuance of the debate on Mr. LABOUCHERE'S Uganda amendment by the information already referred to, and the knowledge that it would be withdrawn—as it was after a short time. It was succeeded by Mr. WHARTON'S on agricultural distress, which was debated up to adjournment time, Mr. CHAPLIN and Mr. VICARY GIBBS taking the bimetallic line, Mr. GARDNER defending the Government project of a naked inquiry, and Mr. STANHOPE suggesting that if, as Mr. GARDNER said, agricultural doctors differed on many points, they were all agreed in wanting relief from local taxation.

The House of Lords, on Tuesday, was busied chiefly with conversation on foreign-lottery advertisements and a few other matters. In the preliminary business of the House of Commons an admission of Mr. MUNDELLA'S in the Railway Rates matter—that "a vast

"volume of rates have been lowered of which we hear nothing"—was noteworthy. Mr. MORLEY was pressed hard about an assertion of his, to the effect that the late Government broke the law in giving police protection to the enforcement of Civil Bill decrees by night—a matter on which there is an utter variance between himself and Mr. CARSON. Some remarks on the prolongation of the Address debate were made—which is, on the Government side, cool, considering that the QUEEN'S Speech contains as many contentious matters of the first class as six ordinary Speeches, and that a fortnight has been a very common time for the Address debate to last. Mr. BALFOUR vindicated his blocking the Registration Bill on the very sufficient ground that Ministerial measures of the first importance ought not to be introduced in higgler-mugger. Then the debate itself went its usual course, which was diversified by two divisions—Mr. WHARTON'S Agricultural amendment being negatived by 272 to 232, and Mr. KEIR HARDIE'S Labour ditto by 276 to 109. Not much interest, however, was felt in either. While speaking to the first subject, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT made the unlucky suggestion (which seems to have been taken seriously by his party) that if, as we and others say, rent-remission will not cure agricultural distress, neither will rate-remission. In other words, if it will not help a class that half of it should be robbed to relieve the other (or, in many cases, that money shall be taken out of the same man's left-hand pocket and put into his right), it will not help it to be relieved of a dead weight which presses on all its members. This is *par trop bête* for Sir WILLIAM, at any rate, to believe.

On Wednesday morning Mr. GLADSTONE gave notice of moving the suspension of the twelve o'clock rule on Thursday and Friday, if necessary, to allow the debate on the Address to be finished. The debate itself continued, and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS'S amendment—a sort of double of Mr. WHARTON'S—was rejected by 312 to 228, a result which comforted Gladstonian people, though the Opposition did not attempt to muster in full force. Mr. GLADSTONE himself spoke, and showed himself quite a match for Mr. COLLINGS.

On Thursday there was, as usual, during the later stages of the Address nothing for the Lords to do. In the debate on that document in the Commons, Mr. REDMOND'S amnesty amendment had its turn, and was discussed for the whole of an ordinary night and rather more. The Anti-Parnellites, whose attitude had been a little uncertain, voted for it, thus mustering 81 against the 397 which Unionist support gave to the Government. Mr. ASQUITH took an exceedingly firm line, his usual tendency to shilly-shally being, apparently, neutralized for the moment by the fact that Mr. MORLEY had gone so far in one direction that he could allow himself to go equally far in the other. He received, as recompense, compliments from Mr. BALFOUR, combined with a hint that it was a pity this excellent firmness had not been shown a little sooner. After the division Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with an evident object, and with graceful gratitude for Unionist support, pretended to desire to go on with the debate under the suspension of the rule; but the adjournment was steadily moved, and at twenty minutes to two he had to give way.

Politics out of Parliament. A very considerable Unionist success was gained this day week at Huddersfield, Sir JOSEPH CROSLAND wresting the seat from Mr. WOODHEAD by the small but sufficient majority of thirty-five. This, as Gladstonians take care to explain with much gravity on such occasions, "counts two votes on a division." A fair opportunity for another victory was provided by the death of Lord NORTHBOURNE, and the consequent vacating of Gateshead by his son, Mr. WALTER JAMES, who, though the strongest candidate

the Gladstonians could possibly have, saw his majority dwindle last year from two or three thousand to two or three hundred. Lord SALISBURY'S visit to Liverpool to open the new overhead railway there ("a beautiful thing in dock-ways, a beast of a thing in a street") was mainly non-political; but in one of his speeches he drew near to politics, avowing, like some other prudent persons, a strong determination to express no opinion whatever on bimetallism, dismissing the idea of a duty on corn, but avowing that he did not regard tariff wars, as a whole, with the uncompromising horror of an orthodox Free-trader, and pointing out (as we have so often pointed out here) that recent territorial extensions are, in the face of the out-and-out Protection of foreign countries, mere measures of self-defence. On the same day Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made a speech of the very fightingest at Walsall in support of Mr. RITCHIE'S candidature, subjecting the Speech from the Throne and the attitude of Ministers during the debate, as well as the conduct of the local Gladstonians and their candidate, to extremely unfeeling criticism.—Captain LUGARD published on Monday morning a long, temperate, but convincing examination of Mr. LABOUCHERE'S imaginative travesty of his Uganda reports, and an Egyptian Blue-book appeared containing some very interesting and important information. The Welsh Gladstonian press was grumbling loudly at the "back seat" offered to Church plunderers by the Government.

There was no reason for Unionists, as such, to be depressed by the election news of Tuesday morning, though its positive results were less favourable than on Monday. The Gladstonians had held Burnley, a place so deeply dyed with their colour that, even in the full tide of 1886, the immense local popularity of Mr. PETER RYLANDS only got him in, as a Unionist, by some two score. But their majority had been cut down by a full half. At Cirencester the election judges had found the votes equal, and the election consequently void, owing to the carelessness of the returning officer and his assistants in complying with the meticulous requirements of ballot law. This is very hard on Colonel CHESTER-MASTER, who has to undergo the trouble and cost of a fresh contest without the slightest fault of his own. But *Frisch zu!* we are glad to see, seems to be his motto. Mr. MUNDELLA had seen a deputation on-crimping, lamp-trimming, and so forth. Of provincial news the most interesting was that the Devonport Gladstonians, proud of Mr. E. J. C. MORTON'S performance last week, had voted him "second only to the Grand Old Man." Yet if we said that Mr. GLADSTONE was "even better than Mr. E. J. C. MORTON," it would be indignantly denounced as a vile Tory sneer.

On Thursday morning there were long descriptions of "floral decorations" at the National Liberal Club, where 2,500 souls had assembled in hopes of seeing Mr. GLADSTONE. But alas! Mr. GLADSTONE was as little in evidence as BAAL on another occasion, and they saw him not. "Their attention," however, "was specially called to his portrait"—a consolation which was absent on Mount Carmel. Lord CRANBORNE had been returned unopposed at Rochester, the Gladstonians not daring to show fight, and Mr. DAVITT had slipped into the safe Nationalist seat provided for him (it really does not matter where—Seat No. α will do) after his disaster in Meath. Mr. ACLAND, drawing the line somewhere, had regretfully declined to feed and clothe Board-school children out of the rates; and, indeed, the next demand might reasonably have been that the ratepayer should provide wedding fees and feasts, trousseaux, and a start in life for philoprogenitive proletarians.

Elections were again unkind to the Union on Thursday. Halifax, despite a large vote for the Labour candidate, returned the son of the late Gladstonian

member; and at Walsall, where JONAH met JONAH in the persons of Sir ARTHUR HAYTER and Mr. RITCHIE, it was the Unionist prophet who was thrown overboard. The loss of a seat is always to be regretted.

Ireland. Next Wednesday has been fixed for hearing Mr. MORLEY's appeal against the recent decision of the Queen's Bench Division in the sheriffs' protection matter.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. A good deal of intriguing by France and Turkey to get the Powers to interfere in Egypt was reported this day week. The previous deputation of the Indian Services to the VICEROY had been backed up by another on the same (Currency) question from Calcutta merchants. We do not know whether the promoters of the agitation against the VICEROY and the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal for curtailing trial by jury will take any note of the fact that in another Presidency (Bombay) the judges themselves have unanimously recommended the removing of murder itself from the list of cases so tried in certain districts. In France the Senate had passed the Savings Banks Protection Bill by nearly six to one. There had been more earthquakes in Zante, to which English men-of-war had brought succour.

The tenor of Monday morning's Egyptian news was, on the whole, satisfactory. It was still not improbable that the KHEDIVE's journey up the Nile might lead to trouble, but the Black Watch had been duly added to the garrison. In Europe it was said that the Porte had contented itself with a formal protest; that France was not intriguing with the other Powers; and that those other Powers, for the most part, contented themselves with regarding the recent action of England as natural if not necessary.

It was announced on Tuesday that not merely the 82nd Foot, but the 7th Dragoon Guards, were under orders for Egypt. A smart blow had been dealt to the insurgent Burmese tribes at Palap. The French Chamber had been taking colonial votes, and the Italian Chamber had been discussing the measures necessitated by the French fortification of Biserta. Courtesies had been exchanged between Sir H. MACDONELL, the new English Minister at Lisbon, and the KING; there had been floods in Queensland and riots at Barcelona. The United States Senate had rejected a motion for immediately considering the repeal of Silver Purchase; but it was generally thought that some decisive action on the subject would have to be taken soon.

On Tuesday MM. ROUVIER, ALBERT GRÉVY, RENAULT, DEVÈS, and COTTU (the latter in part only) were relieved by the Chamber of Indictments of the charges framed against them by M. FRANQUEVILLE. Their comrades were committed. The general foreign news of the day was unimportant.

A fresh and important Panama debate was reported from Paris on Thursday morning. The Government had only escaped wreck by accepting the hardly-disguised censure of M. CAVAIGNAC—an "incorruptible" who, as a schoolboy, long ago made himself for the time notorious by the theatrical snobbery of refusing a prize from the hand of the PRINCE IMPÉRIAL. Mr. CLEVELAND was on Wednesday formally declared President of the United States by Congress.

On Thursday the Panama directors were sentenced, the two MM. DE LESSEPS to five years, and MM. FONTANE, COTTU, and EIFFEL to two years' imprisonment, the sentence in four cases being make-weighted with the absurd little fines usual in France, and in M. EIFFEL's with a more substantial one of 20,000 francs. The American Minister at Honolulu had hoisted the American flag, which, of course, does not bind other Governments.

The Universities. Mr. GILL, Fellow of Magdalene College, was elected to the vacant Esquire Bedellship at Cambridge on Tuesday.

The London County Council. On Tuesday the London County Council resolved to blackmail the City Companies. If any one thinks "blackmail" too strong, let him hear the words (as reported in the *Daily News*) of Mr. County Councillor HUBBARD, who said that "the Companies would not for their necks' sake refuse" the levy demanded.

The Law Courts. Yesterday week the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Mr. Justice CAVE severely censured one of the practices of that eccentric cadi, Mr. Commissioner KERR, his refusal to take notes. The thousand decencies of modern married life were exemplified in the case of GALLOWAY v. GALLOWAY, where an affectionate wife sued her husband for money lent, and actually recovered half of it. Another JARNDYCE (that is to say, JENNENS) case joined its forerunners in dismissal. In the Hansard Union matter the liquidator drew a cheerful picture of the prospects, the first debenture holders alone being likely to recover their money, while the second might get seventy-five per cent., the third would not probably get anything, and, as a matter of course, the shareholders and unsecured creditors would get nothing at all.

On Saturday last the Court for Crown Cases Reserved decided in the case of KATE INSTAN, tried for and convicted of manslaughter at the last Worcester Assizes, that there is a legal obligation on a niece not to let her aunt die for want of food and nursing, without even mentioning to anybody that food and nursing might be useful. It also added another to the heap of incongruous decisions about the *bonâ fide* traveller. Mr. Commissioner KERR, in a letter to the *Times* of Monday, endeavoured to show cause against the above-mentioned judicial censure of his conduct in the matter of taking notes. WAITE, at the Thames Police Court, was ordered to find sureties for six months' good behaviour, with a month's imprisonment in default.

The Hampton Court hotel-keeper, who brought a libel action in connexion with certain charges of inhospitality on the occasion of a river accident last July, was lucky enough to get 50*l.* damages on Wednesday. Mr. Justice MATHEW summing up decidedly against him. Mr. HANNAY, it will probably be thought very properly, dismissed the Excise summons against a supper club which had refused to supply drink till the prosecutor formally entered himself as a probationary member and paid a considerable footing. But a case was granted. The LORD CHANCELLOR did not accede, but spoke softly in reply to, the request of Liverpool and Manchester for the joint possession of one undivided judge of the High Court between them for ever.

In the missing word case on Thursday Mr. Justice STIRLING pronounced the competition illegal, but declined in any way to relieve the too voluntary bailee of his liabilities, so that, apparently, enterprising competitors may bombard Mr. PEARSON with suits till the Day of Judgment.

Convocation. Convocation, with its volunteer satellite the House of Laymen, met on Tuesday. The Upper House on Wednesday voted an address of protest against the suspensory disestablishment of the Church in Wales, and of the Established Church in Scotland.

Miscellaneous. The Duke of YORK, assisted by the Dukes of DEVONSHIRE, ABERCORN, and FIFE, and many other persons of distinction, presided on Monday at the festival dinner of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.—Leeds and Sheffield, at their petition, have been raised by HER MAJESTY "to the state and dignity of cities," which must be all the more gratifying to them that no one, not even the late Mr. FREEMAN, has ever been able to make out wherein the state and dignity of a city consists. We believe that experts hold the only safe answer to the question "What is a city?" to be "That which is described in

"official Latin documents as *civitas*"—which is a very fair parallel by anticipation to the better known joke about archidiaconal functions.—The Duke of YORK took up the freedom of the Merchant Taylors' Company by patrimony on Tuesday in a goodly company.—An influential meeting of old Paulines met on Wednesday to protest against the scheme for turning COLET'S famous foundation into a receptacle for prize Board School boys.—The Anchor Line steamer *Trinacria* was wrecked early in the week on the dangerous Galician coast, near the place where the *Serpent* was lost.—Bishop WILKINSON, formerly of Truro, has been appointed to the Bishopric of St. Andrews.—Newcastle sustained on Thursday a severe loss by the burning of the library of its well-known Philosophical Society.

Obituary. Lord NORTHBOURNE, who was long better known as Sir WALTER JAMES, was a *ci-devant* Conservative, who afterwards followed Mr. GLADSTONE, and gave him the support of his great property and influence in Durham and Kent.—Lord BRABOURNE, another Kentish peer, was a useful Liberal official for many years, the author (as not wholly misbecame a kinsman of JANE AUSTEN) of some pleasant enough stories, a peer of Mr. GLADSTONE'S making, and the subject of violent reproaches from Gladstonians for subsequent political faithlessness to his benefactor. His son followed him not, and the change will add to the numbers, at any rate, of the Gladstonian peers.—Sir THOMAS BAKER, though by no means an old man, had seen probably as much active service as any living Englishman, having fought in the Crimea, the Mutiny, New Zealand, Ashantee, Afghanistan, the Cape, and Burmah, always with credit.—Mr. LOUIS JENNINGS, M.P. for Stockport, was not quite a prominent politician and not quite a prominent man of letters, but he had done useful work in politics and literature.

Books. A very handsome edition of a forgotten Elizabethan poet, WILLIAM BASSE, by Mr. WARWICK BOND (ELLIS & ELVEY), has appeared this week.—The series of *Historic Towns* (LONGMANS) has been increased by a volume on York, from the pen best qualified to do it, that of Canon RAINE.—Everybody who wishes to understand the present state of the Home Rule question may be recommended to get and read a pamphlet entitled *What Home Rule Means Now*, partly reprinted from the *Times*, and published by the Liberal Union of Ireland.

The Theatre. Lord TENNYSON'S *Becket* was produced by Mr. IRVING at the Lyceum on Monday with the greatest success. The same good luck attended the production of Signor VERDI'S long announced *Falstaff* at Milan on Thursday.

THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

IF the Government, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN quite accurately informed an audience at Walsall, got little satisfaction out of the course taken by the general debate on the Address up to Thursday week, they must have found the closing passages of it so much less to their liking that they may have welcomed Mr. LABOUCHERE'S inconvenient amendment with reference to the Uganda question as a positive relief. There would be quite enough to account for such a frame of mind in the mere fact that the opening of the adjourned debate on Friday night brought into the field a new and one of the best equipped and most powerful critics of the Executive policy in Ireland that the Government have yet had to meet. They will, no doubt, find in Mr. CARSON a formidable opponent on any disputed issue; but Mr. CARSON, dealing with the case of the Gweedore prisoners, or still better with the history of that sham Commission against whose pro-

ceedings he protested in his capacity of silenced counsel, is an antagonist of overwhelming force. His extremely damaging criticism of the conduct of Sir JAMES MATHEW was fortunately emphasized by the interruptions of Mr. JOHN ROCHE. The amusement which this eccentric member not unnaturally provokes from all quarters of the House must not allow us to forget the figure which he presents in his serious aspect, and the sinister associations which gather round his name. It must not make us forget that it was this mischievous agitator—a man whose incendiary rhetoric has been condemned from the judicial bench in Ireland, and whose whole record is one of incitement to defiance and resistance of the law—who was actually the first witness invited to give evidence before the Evicted Tenants Commission; and that, though the whole of his discreditable *dossier* lay, in the report of the PARNELL Commission, on Sir JAMES MATHEW'S desk, the learned President refused to allow a single question to be put to him in cross-examination. The return of this person for East Galway is a matter on which Unionists have the best reason to congratulate themselves. When, if ever, the Evicted Tenants Commission present their Report, and when, if ever, Mr. MORLEY attempts legislation on the basis of it, any measure of which he is the proposer should certainly find its second in Mr. JOHN ROCHE as the first witness—the typical uncross-examined witness—on whose evidence the Report of the Commission and the legislation consequential upon it will have been so largely based.

We need not follow Mr. CARSON through his equally trenchant criticism of the release of the Gweedore convicts, as with that matter there will be opportunities hereafter of dealing more fully. It is enough to remark here that Mr. CARSON'S comments again drew from Mr. HEALY one of those singular disclaimers of his perfectly well known and recorded observations on the arrangement made with the Crown in the Gweedore case which disclaim nothing, and that the learned gentleman and his late leader, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND, are now pinned down hard and fast to the dilemma that, either they gave away their clients by inducing innocent men with a good chance of escape to plead guilty, or the Government have given themselves away by releasing men whose guilt was so clear that their own counsel had to advise them to make the best bargain with justice that they could. But neither can the Government have found much reason to congratulate themselves on the subsequent developments of the debate. Mr. LABOUCHERE'S amendment and his speech in support of it, on which we comment elsewhere, drew attention to the peculiar happiness of the happy family on the benches to the right of the SPEAKER; and, though Ministers succeeded in carrying their normal majority into the lobby with them against Mr. WHARTON'S amendment, the division will hardly have availed to correct the extremely damaging effect of the debate which preceded it. The Government, however, do not seem to be at all sensible of the light in which they now appear to their deluded supporters in the country. To judge from their comparative indifference to the course of the debate, and the air of jaunty complacency which distinguished Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S contribution to it towards the close, they apparently imagine that the impossibility of suggesting any practical remedy for agricultural depression is a circumstance to which they have as much right to appeal as their adversaries. They could hardly be guilty of a graver error. On what ground could they deem themselves entitled to plead that the problem of relieving the distress of the rural classes is insoluble? Why, they won the election largely by pretending that it was soluble, and that they were the men to solve it. Have they now the effrontery to pretend that, if, instead of going up and down the country

talking dishonest nonsense about the mischief of the land laws and the divorce of the labourer from the soil, and all the rest of the grievances which they would remedy if returned to power, they had told the unfortunate elector that, if he voted them back to Downing Street, they would appoint a Committee of Inquiry into the causes of agricultural depression, and promise to pass a Parish Councils Bill at some indefinite future date, they would have brought their dupes to the poll in anything like such strength as they did? The notion is absurd. They won their way back to office by the lavish distribution of pledges even more grossly mendacious than those which served the same purpose in 1885, and the poor ignorant electors who voted for them on the faith of these pledges are now discovering, for the second time, that they have been deceived. If the Government fancy that the discovery will have no effect upon their position in the country, they must be curiously incapable of profiting by the lessons of the past. The rural voter is as little likely to submit to this second disappointment of his hopes without avenging himself hereafter at the ballot-boxes as is the workman of the towns whom Mr. MUNDELLA attempted, in the debate on Mr. KEIR HARDIE'S amendment, to put off with as barren and empty a piece of palaver as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT contributed to the debate on Mr. WHARTON'S.

The accession of Mr. HARDIE and other Labour members to the unduly large majority by which Mr. JESSE COLLINGS'S amendment was rejected, last Wednesday, is an incident which hardly justifies the jubilations with which it has been received in the Gladstonian camp. There is nothing very remarkable in the fact that the Labour party should not be disposed to assent to the proposition that measures of agricultural reform should take precedence of the Home Rule Bill. For it is characteristic of the harmony prevailing among the great United Gladstonian Party that every section of it holds that nothing should have precedence of the Home Rule Bill except its own particular fad. This, however, does not account for the magnitude of the majority; which was, in fact, due, not to unexpected accessions on the one side, but to inexcusable defections on the other. It is not creditable either to the dispositions or else to the discipline of the Unionist party that they should have mustered only 228 votes, or something like ninety short of their full strength, on last Wednesday's division. And it is still less satisfactory that, in a division which was presumably taken to oblige the Liberal-Unionists, these latter should have voted short of their proper numbers by some ten or twelve members of their comparatively small party. Such an unnecessary display of weakness as was made on the occasion in question is most untoward. One of two things is evident: either that the Liberal-Unionists should be prevailed upon not to press motions of this kind to a division, or else that more effective means should be taken for bringing up the entire Unionist party in something more closely approaching to its full strength to their support. But the mistake, in our judgment, consists in pressing motions of this kind, and at such a stage in the debate on the Address, to a division at all. It can only serve to discourage the Unionist party in the country, and to waste the energies which should be reserved for the greater occasion which must now soon present itself.

EGYPT AND UGANDA.

THE Parliamentary papers issued last Saturday and Monday on the extremely important subjects of Egypt and of Uganda are almost entirely satisfactory to persons of our own political way of thinking. And as

all but a minority of the other side, so small that it did not care to exhibit its smallness last Monday night in the House of Commons, professes to be satisfied with these papers likewise, their state is a good deal more gracious than that which Parliamentary papers usually enjoy. But we fear, though at the time of writing these words we cannot be sure, that the satisfaction will not extend across the narrow seas. The relentless argument of dates shatters some pleasant delusions in which French Anglophobes have been indulging, and which such statements as that published in Thursday's *Times* from "a friend of the KHEDIVE" may have been meant to confirm. They have represented RIAZ Pasha as a compromise forced upon Lord CROMER by the KHEDIVE. It now appears that, before that young person took the bit in his teeth, Lord CROMER himself had fixed on RIAZ as the proper relief for MUSTAPHA FEHMY'S bad health. They had triumphed in the final retention of MAZLOUM and BOUTROS; it turns out that in his very first telegram to the Foreign Office Lord CROMER had stated that he had no objection to these persons, though he would none of FAKHRI. And it is to be feared that our French friends, who do not invariably appreciate humour, and are particularly deficient in that kind of humour (not common, we must own, anywhere) which sees a joke against itself, will not be much consoled by some points which Lord ROSEBURY makes. Such is his reminder, in connexion with the increase of the British garrison, that the Powers, as he politely says (it was really, as these very papers had previously shown, France) had just refused to consent to an increase of the *Egyptian* army. Such, and still more also we are afraid, is the innocent seriousness with which the FOREIGN SECRETARY, handling the French complaint of "highhandedness," points out that Lord CROMER'S action, being only "a protest," cannot possibly be "highhanded," while the KHEDIVE'S actual appointment of FAKHRI in the teeth of the fundamental understanding formulated by Lord GRANVILLE was highhanded—highhanded to a shocking degree.

Nor do we know that the comfort here denied will be found by ill-willers of England abroad and at home in the other set of papers. A wild French Deputy was reported as having said the other day, "Uganda, which is ours." That Deputy will be more than ever convinced of the ubiquity of "treason" when he finds that, so far back as last October, M. RIBOT assured Lord ROSEBURY that "Uganda was out of the French sphere, and there was no question of France going there." Nor will he, perhaps, be mollified by the tone, which we must admit to be very courteous and creditable, of the same Minister's subsequent letter of November last; or by the fact that, after receiving, through Lord DUFFERIN, Captain LUGARD'S detailed reply to the excited charges of the French missionaries, the Government which persecutes those good men at home, and backs them up abroad, appears to have entirely abstained from any further comment on the matter. We, on the other hand, who have never supposed that Captain LUGARD had anything to fear from inquiry, and never proposed that England should refuse to compensate anybody if there was a case for compensation, can read the whole with great equanimity. As to other aspects of the matter, it may be worth while to call the attention of those Gladstonians who appear, in some inscrutable fashion, to console themselves for Mr. GLADSTONE'S plunge into "forward policy" by a belief, or at least an assertion, that Lord SALISBURY was "backward" last year, to the statement of their own FOREIGN SECRETARY to M. D'ESTOURNELLES, that "in the middle of June" Lord SALISBURY commissioned Captain MACDONALD to investigate the French complaints—which can hardly be called leaving Uganda to itself. The *contretemps* which made this commission useless was none of Lord SALISBURY'S.

bringing about, and a very few weeks after "the middle of June" Lord SALISBURY had lost the power of taking any fresh steps. For the rest, the interest of the papers had been largely forestalled by the communications—refused on Friday, but made on Monday, in both Houses—as to the practical *carte blanche* which has been given to Sir GERALD PORTAL. We shall only say that the full text of his instructions justifies, and more than justifies, the argument which we based last week on the brief words of the QUEEN'S Speech. "The best means of dealing with the country, whether through Zanzibar or otherwise"—that is the main subject which Sir GERALD is to report upon. If Mr. GLADSTONE can reconcile this with the kind of attitude which he assigned to the Commissioner yesterday week—as of one who would be on the spot, you know, and if anything turned up, why, you know, he might do something—we are quite sure no one else can.

But, as we have said more than once before, we have not the very slightest desire to triumph and tripudiate over this marvellous conversion of the party which shrieked over Lord BEACONSFIELD'S policy in Afghanistan and Turkey, which perpetrated the crime of the Transvaal Convention, which accepted the humiliation of Penjdeh. As the German poet sweetly sings, "das Liedchen von der Reue" is "ein hübsches Lied," and for our part we shall be most happy to see Mr. GLADSTONE, like the original Sir ULRIC, begin it all over again. Having started with Foreign Policy, let him go on to Home Rule.

"STATISTICS RELIABLE."

IT was lately announced, for the first time perhaps within living memory, that the number of gentlemen who presented themselves at the Inns of Court, to be called to the Bar, showed a decrease when compared with the number made manifest in the corresponding period of last year, or in some period with which it was appropriate to compare it. Thoughtful and kindly men were pleased at this announcement, because it seemed to imply, either that there were fewer young gentlemen who could not think of any more promising way of earning a living, or that the cultivated (or uncultivated, but ambitious) people whose sons go to the Bar had bred fewer young gentlemen. In any case there was hope that the Bar would not or might not continue so rapidly to become more and more "overstocked."

Still, however, there are a great many barristers, and a large proportion of them are young; and therefore it need occasion no surprise that it has seemed good to two persons describing themselves on their joint title-page as "M.A. and LL.B., Barristers-at-Law," to print a modest work called *A New Guide to the Bar* (London: SWEET & MAXWELL, Ltd.) for the edification of such as propose to be called thither. It is modest in several respects; but there is one thing about it which scarcely deserves that title. This is an "Advertisement" (so described, *totidem literis*) affixed to the preface, stating in conspicuous print that "the Compilers" of the volume—that is, presumably, M.A. and LL.B.—"are prepared to instruct or advise Students by means of correspondence papers, or by oral tuition, in all subjects for the Preliminary and other Bar Examinations." Can they mean gratuitously? We fear not. They advertise, and they are barristers—or else their title-page is a fraud, which we cannot believe. It is, of course, not quite the unpardonable sin of advertising professionally, but it is nearer to it than one likes.

Much of the volume is taken up with statements about examinations, and specimens of papers set therein,

which may be left to those whom they concern. But the introductory parts contain a good deal of general information, some of which is not a little surprising. Generally speaking, M.A. and LL.B. are not disposed to encourage other ingenuous youths to follow their example. They say there are too many barristers. At least, that is the only meaning we are able to attach to the cryptic allegation "that the vulgar fraction which most accurately represents the submerged portion ["great unbriefed"] of this community of learning [the Bar] is not the popular one over ten, but its complement of the unit." They expect their readers to contemplate this circumstance "with *fin-de-siècle* sympathy." Can it be possible that a mere call to the Bar enables a common man to use or understand language of this kind? The observation is, however, incidental. "The first thing," say the authors a little further on, "is to get some statistics reliable." One would have expected them to go either to the Law List, the *Gazette*, or the records of workhouses for their statistics reliable; but they continue to gossip with pleasant discursiveness. They suggest that a barrister's clerk gets half-a-crown whenever his master gets a guinea. So he does, if the guinea is a solitary arrival; but alas! the proportion is not maintained when the fees become more substantial. They rebuke an alleged superstition "that the average Q.C. makes from 7,000*l.* to 12,000*l.* a year." Who is there that holds this simple faith? Commenting upon "the amateur nature of many men's barristerialism," our authors take occasion to describe the number 1,700 as "this very large vulgar fraction." It is almost startling that persons capable of holding such an opinion upon a question of mathematics should have succeeded in passing "a public examination." But the title-page assures us that they did.

Among other things, the youth on his way to the Bar is warned not to hope to make money by writing articles in newspapers. This, they say, is a fond dream, which the ordinary man cannot hope to realize. If such a one goes, in search of employment, to see an editor, that awful functionary "will elect to see you (if to see you at all) surrounded by three or four curious and inquisitive henchmen, who regard by their stares your intrusion as an unwarranted impertinence. If you don't know 'long primer' from 'small pica,' begone. . . . Let no young man, however well educated and informed, imagine that he can do anything at journalism in London as 'a mere crutch' to help him at the Bar—as an 'ordinary rule.' Would that the brush of some inspired artist would depict for us an editor, electing to see how his would-be contributor supports the curious scrutiny of the henchmen! It would be a noble subject. Howbeit, there have been exceptions to the rule. For instance, the "satirical *Saturday*" was for long years indebted to the pen of a ready writer wielded by Mr. ASQUITH, now Q.C., M.P., &c." We cannot tell which of the two or three periodicals of whose titles the word "Saturday" forms a part may be the one which M.A. and LL.B. consider satirical. Ah! How picturesque the world is—sometimes!

ACEPHALOUS GOVERNMENT.

THE present Session was not a week old before the signs of a break-up were apparent. The Parliament and the Ministry seemed likely to perish rather from infantile maladies than from the morbid complication which is known as old age. The traces of disorganization are manifest alike in the Government and in the Gladstonian party. They are both due, one wholly, the other partly, to the same cause. In the Ministry there is only the ghost of a Prime Minister. In the House of Commons there is scarcely the shadow

of a leader. The two conditions of effective Parliamentary government are wanting. The absence of the first of them was displayed in the House of Commons on Friday. Mr. GLADSTONE used to declaim against the association by Lord SALISBURY in his own person of the two offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. At least it had the advantage that the Prime Minister knew exactly what the Foreign Secretary was doing, and the Foreign Secretary was well versed in the general ideas of the Prime Minister, and could be trusted to carry them out in good faith. There was not likely to be any of that conflict which the confidential agents of PITT and GRENVILLE waged with each other while their stately chiefs were at ostensible peace, nor the contumacious self-assertion with which Lord PALMERSTON resisted the interposition of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, nor the capricious meddling with which Mr. GLADSTONE marred the well-meant efforts of Lord GRANVILLE. Lord SALISBURY as Prime Minister was entirely of one mind with Lord SALISBURY as Foreign Secretary.

It is commonly admitted that the Prime Minister should have a close acquaintance with the conduct of foreign affairs, and should exercise a general control over them. Mr. GLADSTONE's contention used to be that the separation of the two offices was essential to this control and superintendence, which required the concert of two minds. We dare say he still holds the theory, but he has abandoned the practice. In the debate on Friday evening on Mr. LABOUCHERE's motion for the evacuation of Uganda, Mr. GLADSTONE displayed an ignorance of the conditions under which, and the authority with which, Sir GERALD PORTAL has gone out thither as complete as that which necessarily existed on the Opposition Benches or below the Gangway. He could not give Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. BALFOUR, and Mr. GOSCHEN the information for which they pressed, because he had not got it himself. Mr. GLADSTONE thought that Sir GERALD PORTAL might, "unofficially and gratuitously," take steps to prevent anarchy, but "there could not be a greater mistake" than to suppose that he had gone out to exercise administrative functions. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, much worried, could only say that, though Sir GERALD PORTAL might make arrangements for the safety of the missionaries and others, he had no authority to undertake even temporary administrative work. These answers were given, it is said, after much confused confabulation on the Treasury Bench, and the dispatch of messengers to find out somebody who knew something. From the answers which Lord ROSEBURY gave in the Lords on Monday to the convenient inquiry of Lord BRASSEY, it appears that the PRIME MINISTER and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER were quite wrong; that Sir GERALD PORTAL has all the powers which they declared he does not possess; that he went out, not only to inquire and report, but with full authority, as Commissioner, to exercise the largest administrative powers, only Mr. GLADSTONE did not know it, or had forgotten it, as he himself confessed in reply to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on Monday. What both Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—the PRIME MINISTER and the acting leader of the House—did not know was a secret, we may be sure, to every other member of the Cabinet. What becomes of the Premier's authority in foreign affairs, and of the collective responsibility of the Cabinet? We are brought back, as far as that province of the Government is concerned, to the system of separate departmental administration. What is true of the Foreign Office, in which the Prime Minister has special authority, is probably true in a greater degree of the other departments of the Government. There is no presiding mind directing, controlling, and animating them all, and giving unity to the Administration.

There is no cement to bind the fragments together. The Ministry is in the condition of that which the elder PITT described, in which the Treasury said "I am not the War Office," and the Admiralty "I am not Foreign Minister," and so on throughout the departments. It is as acephalous as GRAFTON and his colleagues were during CHATHAM's seclusion.

The fact and its explanation are equally obvious. It would seem that Mr. GLADSTONE has neither the physical strength nor the mental elasticity to undertake that general superintendence of public business which is the essential function of the Prime Minister. Just as little can he discharge the duties of leader of the House of Commons, the sittings of which he is unable persistently to attend, though he can prevent any one else, with derived authority, and liable to repudiation, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT knows, from leading it. The result is that the Gladstonian party already shows signs of splitting up into hostile groups. Sooner or later this result would be inevitable, as each section of the party discovers that it was tricked by false promises of legislation in its own sense, promises renewed as falsely in the QUEEN'S Speech. Mr. GLADSTONE's authority might hold these factions together for some time, if it could be exercised, but it cannot. Messages from Downing Street rather irritate than persuade. A Cabinet practically without a Prime Minister and a House of Commons without a real leader are conditions of Parliamentary government new to our generation and century.

SOME AMERICAN MATTERS.

THE rejection of Mr. HILL's motion in the United States Senate supplies one more piece of evidence that the success of the Democratic party at the last Presidential election will not lead to the rapid and immediate changes of policy which were counted almost certain. Mr. HILL moved that the Silver Law Repeal Bill should be taken into consideration at once. It has been understood that the Democrats are in favour of giving up the attempt to confer an artificial value on silver, which has cost the Union so much, and has saddled it with a heavy financial burden. The party is now fully triumphant. When the term of President HARRISON is over, the Democrats will have their own President and a majority in both Houses. Yet Mr. HILL's motion was defeated by a majority of not much less than two to one. This is not, perhaps, a proof that the Bill will be itself rejected, if the new President's Cabinet is really resolved to reverse the currency policy of the Republicans. But a motion of urgency would not have been so decisively rejected if the Silver interest did not still retain great influence. It is possible that many Senators who do not approve of the Silver Bill are unwilling to do anything to hasten the disturbance which must be caused by its repeal. Protective laws always have in their favour that they can take advantage of their own wrong. They create artificial interests which must suffer by their removal. In the absence of a pronounced popular demand to be rid of them, politicians are reluctant to incur the risk of offending those who profit by them. The effect produced by the rejection of Mr. HILL's motion may, perhaps, help to convince Congress that there cannot be much further delay. The money market had been disturbed, and a stimulus has been given to the export of gold.

It will not be wonderful if the first important change introduced under Mr. CLEVELAND's Presidency is the appearance of the United States as a Power possessing dependencies and exercising protectorates. Mr. THURSTON, spokesman of the deputation from Honolulu, is reported to be

very well satisfied with the progress he is making at Washington. Now the object of Mr. THURSTON and the other persons with English names who have made the late noble stand for freedom in the Sandwich Islands is to bring about annexation to the United States. Much confidence need not be felt in the assurances of Mr. THURSTON, if only because he is dealing with the mere fag end of an administration. Mr. HARRISON's Government is in the position of a Ministry which has been beaten on a vote of want of confidence, and is only doing the current business of the departments till the new Cabinet is formed. It cannot commit the United States to a new policy. But we may none the less be prepared to see the deputation achieve success. They, their revolution, and their mission have been rather severely criticized by a part of the American press, which has argued plausibly that this Hawaiian revolution is at bottom a sugar speculation. Very possibly it is; but a reference to the more patent facts of all colonial history will show that sugar speculations have had a material influence on the growth of empire. When the statement is translated into Parliamentary language, it amounts to this—that citizens of the United States have important material interests in the Sandwich Islands which will be promoted by annexation. We seem to recollect occasions on which annexations by several Powers have been justified on exactly this ground. If the United States really wish to annex Hawaii, they will not be deterred by considerations drawn from the selfish motives of Mr. THURSTON and his colleagues, which are doubtless neither better nor worse than those of most of the filibusters who have helped to found colonies.

The old dislike of Americans to the possession of land outside of the continent has been much weakened since the Civil War. In former times such possessions must have been sought in the West Indies under the double disadvantage of entangling the States in war with a European nation, and extending the bounds of the "Slave Power." This second inconvenience could no longer be incurred, and the first is remote. England is the only Power which has any substantial motive or any technical claim to oppose annexation by the States. We have treaty rights which the Union could not ignore. The Canadians are showing themselves somewhat touchy on the subject of the fate of the islands. But it will, perhaps, be found on consideration that, if the United States is really anxious to set up a Protectorate, the best use to which we can put our rights will be to swop them for a thorough settlement of the endless fishery difficulties.

NOSES.

IN spite of the learned SLAWKENBERGIUS, it is probable that no really valuable treatise on noses exists. A new edition of *Notes on Noses*, originally published in 1848, has just been issued (BENTLEY & Son). Such a work needs the best illustrations possible from historical portraits; the little woodcuts in *Notes on Noses* are useless. For some reason the nose is usually treated as a comical and unimportant feature. The novelist, so rich in details about his heroine's eyes, lips, brow, chin, ankles, hair, and so forth, never says much about her nose. Perhaps the most agreeable sort of female nose is nameless; it is Greek, with more vivacity, but nobody knows what to call it. The ordinary classes of noses are familiar, and are made by the mind, not the mind by the nose, according to our author. The Bardolphian nose, however, is created and coloured by solid personal industry. The Roman nose receives great credit for energy, firmness, "absence of refinement, and disregard of the *bienséances* of life." Among people of note with

Roman noses our author includes RAMESES II., but perhaps we need a new name for the Egyptian nose so familiar on the monuments. WILLIAM WALLACE, according to our authority, had a Roman nose; but we cannot tell how he got his information.

WILLIAM of Orange, we know, had a Roman nose, and the artist "put old NASSAU's hook-nosed head "on poor ÆNEAS' shoulders," instead of the Trojan nose which he probably possessed. Perhaps, the correct or Darwinian theory is that ÆNEAS, by a freak or "sport" of nature, really had a Roman nose. Hence he was better fitted to survive than the other Trojans, and he handed the nose down to his descendants, the Romans. On any other theory it is hard to discover why the Greeks had straight noses, while those of the Romans were hooked. Nor, after all, are we quite certain that the Greeks really had Greek noses. It may have been a convention of their art. The future generations, if they only possess Mr. BURNE JONES's and Mr. ROSSETTI's works, will come to very erroneous conclusions about British chins. We learn that the nose of SOCRATES was not Greek, but such as Greek artists usually assigned to satyrs. Occasionally, as in a beautiful group of a satyr playing dice with a nymph on a bronze mirror, they gave satyrs another kind of nose. The noses of the ladies in the Tanagra terra-cottas are of all agreeable orders of nose, not necessarily Greek. The chances are that the Greeks varied as much as we do in their noses, while the tradition of their art preferred the conventional straight nose. In the same way the kind of Romans who had their portraits done on coins and gems were just the sort of energetic conquering people who have Roman noses everywhere, like WILLIAM of Orange and the Duke of WELLINGTON. MILTON, it seems, had a Greek nose in youth; it afterwards became a Puritanic nose. A habit of turning it up in moments of indignant morality would affect the contour and expression. Of CLEOPATRA's nose, on which, according to PASCAL, hung the fate of the world, we really know nothing. One coin makes it an exaggeration of the nose with which Mr. DU MAURIER commonly equips his duchesses. In this shape it may be called too long, even beaky; but we may hope that the coin is not a good likeness. Concerning the nose of MARY STUART, Mr. CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE conceived, after much comparative study, that she had two noses—one low, and one high. Perhaps, like MILTON, she modified her nose by mere force of character; perhaps her painters were extremely untrustworthy.

We can say little of scientific value about noses in relation to character while portraits are such dubious likenesses, and while convention is so powerful in art. Taking poets, we find BYRON with a Greek nose, Lord TENNYSON with a high and well-shaped nose, SCOTT with a nose of no particular architecture, and KEATS with a nose approaching the Hebrew type. No poet, then, need despair on account of his nose, as M. COQUELIN was warned to despair of ever acting ALCESTE. Genius rises superior to its nose, and so does beauty very often. The only permanent "racial nose" which we can trace is the Semitic; it is the same on Assyrian and Egyptian monuments as it is to-day. But, if the Jews survived by dint of their noses, why did the Phœnicians and Carthaginians perish? KNOX is usually represented with a nose between the Jewish and the Roman, but our author gives him a "cogitative nose," a broad nose with deep extensive foundations. HOMER is credited with a similar nose, but a contemporary portrait of HOMER has still to be discovered; on the other hand, this was certainly the nose of MOLIÈRE. LUTHER is said to have had a Roman nose, while ERASMUS owed his want of balance to a sharp Greek nose. The fist of TORRIGIANO made it vain to speculate on the original

nose of MICHAEL ANGELO; and a similar cause confuses philosophers as to the nose of Mr. THACKERAY.

On the whole, an agnostic attitude is wisest here, and we cannot really assert that mankind follows its nose in predetermined directions.

FRANCE.

THE total inability of the French to resist a passing gust of emotion has been more discreditably but never more fully shown than by the "CAVAIGNAC incident" of last Wednesday. On the strength of a few phrases, all of which have been common enough in a score of native or foreign papers for the last two months, it has suddenly put M. CAVAIGNAC on the highest stump for the time being. M. CAVAIGNAC comes of a known stock, which is an advantage in democratic countries as well as in others, and has shown himself a fairly competent Minister of Marine. He had the good fortune to be jockeyed out of office on a mere quibble by M. CLÉMENTEAU, which, now that the once-powerful Radical leader is paying for his too intimate relations with M. CORNELIUS HERZ, is much in M. CAVAIGNAC'S favour. The phrases he delivered on Wednesday were good and well pronounced; but his descent, his previous career, and his speech on Wednesday do not seem to onlookers to point him out as the necessary man. Yet that is what they appear to have done, in the opinion of the French Chamber. M. CAVAIGNAC, who came into the Chamber a Deputy, like many others, went out an acknowledged candidate for the Presidency, and a politician who will not improbably be soon called upon to form a Ministry.

The debate which saw M. CAVAIGNAC chosen by acclamation promised to be a commonplace incident enough. It was provoked by a M. GOUSSOR, who asked the Ministry what they meant to do in consequence of the distinction made by the *Chambre de Mise en Accusation* between the cases of the half-score of persons accused of corrupt practices. It has apparently surprised, and even annoyed, many Frenchmen that the Chamber should have found no bill against M. ROUVIER. A certain amount of suspicion has been aroused by the fact that the Government reinforced the *Chambre de Mise en Accusation* by several judges of the High Court. The duties of the *Chambre* are, as a rule, purely formal; but in this case there were certain questions of jurisdiction and interpretation of Acts to be considered. On the very plausible plea that the Chamber might be overreached by the wily advocates of the accused, the Ministry took the legal, but unusual, course of adding the judges to it. The result has been that several of the accused have been discharged, including M. ROUVIER. As this politician had given it to be understood that he would defend himself fiercely, it has been stated, and perhaps, in the state of preternatural suspicion still prevailing in Paris, believed, that his discharge was collusive. On the strength of this suspicion, M. GOUSSOR moved to ask the Ministry whether it is not going to do something else to get at the truth. He was interrupted by M. ROUVIER, who was present in a manifest state of pugnacious irritation, and answered by M. BOURGEOIS, to the effect that the Administration must not interfere with the law courts. As this is good doctrine, and as the Chamber, featherheaded as it is, is rather nervous about the possible consequences of another Ministerial crisis, it looked nearly certain that the discussion would end in a formal vote of confidence in M. RIBOT. But M. CAVAIGNAC went into the tribune, and said the most obvious things possible—that the Panama scandal is being used by politicians, but that there is something in it; that the Republic is not to be condemned for the sins of individuals, but that the stain must be wiped out, and so forth. Then, almost

with one accord, the Chamber rose to M. CAVAIGNAC. His order of the day was voted, his speech is to be placarded, and he was placed, as we have said, on the highest stump for the time being.

It would be rash, indeed, to take it for granted that the Chamber will not vote M. CAVAIGNAC a bore and impostor next week; but there are chances in his favour. The country is very intelligibly sick of the "old gang," their intrigues, and their friendly international financiers. M. RIBOT and his colleagues are endured because they are the least discredited. There is no enthusiasm for M. CARNOT. The Conservatives are hopeless, and the so-called "ralliés" are only converts. France is in want of a saviour of society, and well disposed to receive him. It is not at all unlikely to accept M. CAVAIGNAC. He comes of a distinguished stock. His Republicanism is hereditary and above suspicion. It was shown when he was a boy in what we think a contemptible way enough, when he refused to accept a prize from the *PRINCE IMPÉRIAL*; but that will do him no harm. He has never been connected with the ruck of intriguing politicians, and he did show a will of his own when he was Minister of Marine. "Favour, opportunity, death of others, occasion fitting virtue," are all on M. CAVAIGNAC'S side. If he can act with spirit, can break away from the Republican concentration which has made the Moderates the mere catspaws of the Radicals, and can co-operate heartily with the younger men of the Conservative classes who are willing to accept the Republic, M. CAVAIGNAC has a visible chance of turning out to be the "honest man" for whom France has lately been looking so wistfully and to such very little purpose.

It is, perhaps, not the least part of M. CAVAIGNAC'S luck that his acclamation by the Chamber came just before the sentence of the Court of Appeal which winds up a great fraud, and ends the careers of certain persons whom it is not possible just at present to call honest men. We cannot profess to share in the cheap newspaper pity which is in some quarters lavished on the Panama Directors. There are respectable reasons for saying nothing about M. F. DE LESSEPS, and, in particular, for not burdening a fallen man with the weight of the cruel excuses which are made for him by some of his misguided advocates. As for his colleagues, it is impossible to see what there is to distinguish their conduct from that of the run of fraudulent bank directors and such like persons. The *Times*' Correspondent in Paris has stated the case against the best of them with force, in the act of making what he apparently thinks are excuses for their conduct. "If, moreover," so runs his apology, "there was a case which appealed to the indulgence and pity of the judges, it was that of these three men [MM. F. and C. DE LESSEPS and M. FONTANE], whose main offence is to have followed a chimera, somewhat forgetting the reality of things, the passions of men, and the insufficiency of the means at their disposal to overcome the most formidable natural obstacles." In other words, these respectable men never took the trouble to look at the facts before they applied themselves to the spending of other people's money. It has been said that some women consider their chastity as an excuse for practising no other virtue. Some men certainly act as if their "respectability" and businesslike expenditure of their pocket-money exempted them from all other inconvenient moral obligations. The *Times*' Correspondent and the many other persons who indulge in maudlin sentiment of this kind should study the excellent remarks of the Ordinary of Newgate to GEORGE DE BARNWELL, touching the mistake of those persons who, in the pursuit of an ideal, somewhat forget the reality of things.

M. COTTU was in the same position as M. FONTANE.

He allowed his name to be used for what he must, if he had exercised ordinary care, have seen was a fraudulent purpose. M. EIFFEL has confessed that, when he saw how freely others were plundering the Panama shareholders, he saw no reason why he should not take a hand. The whole story, from first to last, is one of a strong delusion conceived in vanity and wilful ignorance, and propped up by continuous outrageous lying. If the French, in spite of their brilliant qualities and their small industrial virtues, were not more given to believe in quacks than any other people in the world, this gigantic swindle could never have been carried through. It is as if the whole population of this country had been led by the nose by the Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank with their canting hypocrisy. Happily the quack has not yet reached that height here, except, perhaps, in politics and at intervals. It must, we allow, be very hard for him to observe any measure in France. If you make yourself a lamb the wolf will eat you is a part of the proverbial wisdom of that country; but it has never made the application to the case of those who present themselves as dupe to the quack. Perhaps in these circumstances one should not so much wonder with the Duke of WELLINGTON at the number of charlatans there are in the world, as agree with his sententious Spanish friend, IZQUIERDO, in wondering that there are so few in "proportion to the number of dupes." The anger of the French, now that they see themselves duped, is natural, and we need not shed tears over the fate of the detected quacks and semi-quacks. It is too much to hope that they will in future have less to say to the phrases, and pay more attention to the facts, or that they will keep their civilizing mission at home, where it will find an ample field for its exertions.

BECKET AT THE LYCEUM.

IT is not so long ago since the public was favoured with the views of certain eminent novelists on the degraded condition of our drama. These authors grew eloquent in lamentation over the violence done to literature by the exigencies of the modern stage, and the caprices of the actor manager. Here, as they complacently told one another, was to be found the true reason why their finer wits had never been tempted into the vulgar arena of the theatre; and in the flood of their mingled tears there seemed no place for the humorous suggestion that possibly they themselves were imperfectly equipped for the practice of the art they affected to despise. Had the late Lord Tennyson lived to witness the performance of *Becket* on Monday last, he might have found something to say on the other side of the question. He might have told us how the loyal services of an actor and a manager had so illumined the inexpert work of a poet as to make it seem for the hour to bear the stamp of dramatic genius. The success of *Becket* on Monday night was, indeed, complete and unequivocal; it will draw to the Lyceum all who are interested in the art of the theatre; and yet it was the success, not of a great play, but of a play brilliantly illustrated by the resources of an accomplished master of stagecraft, and by the services of an actor and of an actress who at their best have no rivals on our stage. To have accomplished so much with the material which the poet had left him is a genuine triumph for Mr. Irving and for those who laboured with him; to have done more would have needed, not merely the loyal co-operation of actor or manager, but the inspired initiative of a great dramatist. And this, it must be owned, it was not in the power of Lord Tennyson to bestow. That sustained grip of character, resulting in an advancing development of a single and simple motive, which marks the true master of the art, is wanting here, as it is wanting in every other play from the same hand; and those who would strive to lift Lord Tennyson's work in drama to the level of his great

reputation are doing but a sorry service to the greatest poet of our time.

And yet in the interpretation it received at the Lyceum the inherent weakness of the drama was often forgotten and sometimes entirely effaced. The bloodless figure of Rosamund, to take only a single instance, won, from the charm of Miss Terry's acting, that pulse of life which had been denied to her by the poet. From a puppet wreathed in garlands of graceful verse it was transformed into a living image of gentle girlhood, and more than this could not have been accomplished by any actress. For the author had faltered at every stroke in his attempted portrait, and had left a creation which, halting between innocence and passion, finally sinks back into the blurred outlines of primitive legend. It is, perhaps, in the use that is made, or that is not made, of this particular character that we may most clearly discern the absence in Lord Tennyson of the higher instinct of the dramatist. That such an episode in the life of the King presented overpowering attractions to a poet is obvious enough; and if Henry had been the chosen centre of his work, the conflict between Eleanor and Rosamund might have sufficed for a play in itself. But to keep Becket foremost, and still to retain this alluring incident of his story, was more than a poet's task. It involved problems of character which are not to be solved by grace of style or charm of verse; and, though it is a feat that might have been accomplished by a gifted dramatist, it has clearly overtaxed Lord Tennyson's resources. The King's intrigue with Rosamund, as it is here presented, has no genuine influence on his relations with Becket—has, indeed, no influence at all on the development of Becket's own character; and in the attempt to combine the divergent elements in his plot the author has been betrayed into devices that are little less than desperate. It is in vain that Eleanor declares Rosamund to be a power in the State; her words are shorn of their force by the author who has coined them. Rosamund, so far as the central action of the play is concerned, is a mere cipher; and the links which affect to connect her with the struggle between Henry and his Minister have the weakness of the most obvious mechanism. In a representation less convincing than that which Mr. Irving supplies, the sudden entry of Becket into Rosamund's bower would have seemed startling in its crudity; and yet it is only the logical conclusion of a series of abortive expedients which have been designed with the view of forcing into contact those elements in his work which the poet's imagination had been powerless to combine. The inevitable result of this radical defect in construction is to deprive the whole of the Rosamund episode of any vital force or significance. There is only one centre to a circle, and that point is never reached by the silken thread that leads from Rosamund's bower. The skill and charm of the actress serve as an ample cloak to hide the shortcomings of the author, but they cannot turn the eddy into the stream; they cannot bring the fortunes of Henry's luckless mistress into the dominant current of the action. That could only have been done by the author himself, and that, as it would seem, the author was powerless to accomplish.

And this failure, fatal as it must be to the interest of a particular character, might also have proved fatal to the fortunes of the play. Eleanor, by inevitable necessity, follows Rosamund into the maze. She has no sure place in the conflict between the Chancellor and his King, and the consequence is that in the presentation of Becket's character the author has left himself with no worthier weapon of development than is afforded by the vacillating portrait of Henry himself. It is here that the actor has come to the rescue of the dramatist, and it is not too much to say that the deep impression which Lord Tennyson's play has made, and is destined to make, is due in the largest measure to the commanding individuality and consummate art of Mr. Irving. This is high praise; but it will need no excuse to those who have studied the written play and have witnessed the performance at the Lyceum. An actor of less intelligence and intensity might easily have failed to bind together the scattered threads of the Laureate's work; and the employment of methods less convincing than those which Mr. Irving has at command might at any time have laid bare the slender fabric of the structure he is summoned to support. But from the first moment he appears upon the scene we are under the spell of a personality which seems to tell with equal force on both sides of the footlights. That spirit of authority which stays the uplifted swords of the turbulent Barons at Northampton belongs to the actor no

less than to the character he assumes, and we feel it is by no mere stage command that their points are lowered and their voices stilled before his steadfast gaze. It is not always that an artist of such strongly-marked individuality finds the full occasion for its exercise. There are parts, as there are plays, which demand the intervention of disguise; and it is a common impression among those who have not given much thought to the subject that an actor achieves his highest triumph when he succeeds in effacing his own personality. But this, in truth, is a triumph which he who essays to render the higher moods of drama most speedily discards. It is the fitting reward of an actor who is engaged in marking the distinctive types of character in comedy; but it must, perforce, be abandoned in any attempt to depict the larger and deeper passions that are common to humanity. Here the artist is of necessity thrown back upon himself; those minute and delicate touches that go to complete the portraiture of manners avail him nothing; and it is at this point, where disguise gives place to revelation, that we get the true measure of a great actor's resources. And it is here also, as we venture to think, that Mr. Irving stands without a rival among his fellows. In fact, the seeming effortless effort of the intense stillness by which Mr. Irving conveys intense passion, and that in many moods, may justly be called a triumph of acting. It is as easy to discover as it would be idle to deny those limitations of voice and gesture which sometimes mar his efforts on the stage; but when, as in the present instance, these physical idiosyncrasies are firmly controlled, there is no actor of his time who brings to his work the same extraordinary sense of reality and conviction. And in Becket these peculiar virtues of Mr. Irving's art find the most fortunate expression. If the change from the soldier to the zealot is not altogether convincing, that is rather the fault of the author than of the actor. This sudden revelation of the man's deeper nature needed the provocation of some more striking circumstance than Lord Tennyson has been able to supply; but from the moment when we are in the presence of Becket, the fervid champion of the Church, the strength of the actor's impersonation wins at each step an added force and grip, until it culminates in the superbly acted scene which precedes and foreshadows his final martyrdom. Here Mr. Irving is at his best both as actor and manager. Nothing could have been more finely conceived in dramatic effect than the noiseless entry of the Barons into the Archbishop's chamber. As he utters the lines—

On a Tuesday was I born and on a Tuesday
Baptized; and on a Tuesday came to me
The ghostly warning of my martyrdom—

we feel that these motionless and silent figures are but the phantoms of his dream recalled. The reality is no stronger than the vision; and when his eyes slowly turn there is no sudden start of surprise to find them there; for to him the room was already peopled with the agents of his doom before their bodily presence was made known. This is a touch of the highest art, and by its side may be set the wonderful expression of wearied incredulity with which he greets Henry's promises at Montmirail, and the mingled dignity and humbleness of bearing that mark the striking scene at the close of the third act.

We have but little space to speak of what else may deserve notice in the rendering of Lord Tennyson's work. Miss Ward brings a decisive method to the impersonation of Queen Eleanor, and Mr. Terriss gives an impression of buoyant manliness to the author's somewhat faltering portrait of the King. It is neither their fault nor our misfortune that their efforts are overshadowed by the dominating figure of Becket; for no triumph of the actor's art could avail to endow either of these figures with an absorbing interest, or even to grant to them any fulness of vitality. With regard to the production, it will, we think, rank with the best that Mr. Irving has given to the stage. With less than the splendour of *Henry VIII.*, it is marked by greater taste and refinement, and more successfully suggests the historical spirit of the period which it is designed to illustrate.

CAWDOR CASTLE.

THE anomaly of finding the essentially Saxon title of Thane confined in Scotland to those counties which were most Highland in character may be understood by

calling to mind the policy of Malcolm Canmore, who was an ardent reformer, and greatly encouraged the settlement of Southern lords within his dominions. In the Lowlands, where Roman influence had been felt, the land passed easily into the hands of great feudal proprietors; but in certain Northern shires, especially in the great grain-producing district of Angus and Moray, the prelude to civilization was the abolition by Royal edict of the Gaelic *toseach*, and the substitution of thanes, charged with the collection of Crown rents and the administration of justice.

Between where Findhorn, on the east, rolls his dark flood from the Monadh Lia, and where, on the west, the miniature but prolific salmon-river Nairn hurries to the sea, lies a fertile strath—a broad wedge of champagne—part of the old Thanedom of Cawdor. In early days the Thane's seat used to be at Nairn—or Invernarne, as it was then called—and his hunting-lodge was some five miles inland at Old Cawdor. But after the fall of the Douglasses in 1455, including Archibald Bell-the-Cat—*pretensus comes Moravie*—Thane William resolved to build himself a fortress worthy of his dignity and possessions.

Previous to this undertaking, being of prudent mind, he sat down and counted the cost, and collected the necessary funds in hard cash. He was then—so the story goes—directed in a dream to bind the treasure on the back of an ass, turn the animal loose at Old Cawdor, and wheresoever it should come to a stop there found his new tower. The ass wandered about half a mile to a knoll beside the Rierach Burn, where grew three hawthorns; it rubbed itself against the first of these, and the second, and finally lay down under the third. The castle keep was built round the tree, and there, to the confusion of sceptics in oneiromancy, remains the old stem to this day, dry and dead, of course, but rooted in the floor and built into the roof of the vault; and at its foot lies the coffer which contained the treasure, heavily hooped with iron, and little the worse for the four centuries and a half which have elapsed since it was unbound from the donkey's back. The first and second hawthorn trees disappeared only during the present century.

The Royal licence for building the Castle is dated 1454, and the following year the King issued a warrant to the Thane, empowering him to dismantle Lochindorb, a Norman fortalice in a lake east of the Findhorn, which Archibald Douglas had fortified against the King. The iron door which now hangs on the keep at Cawdor was brought thither from Lochindorb, borne, they would have you to know, across the moors on the back of a Highland Samson. This feat is neither more nor less credible than many passages in Celtic narrative.

But by far the greater part of the massive pile constituting Cawdor Castle dates from the seventeenth century. Long before that the Thanage had passed by marriage into the family of Campbell, where it now remains. William, eldest son of the seventh Thane, was lame, in consequence of which disability they made him a priest. His younger brother John married Isabel Rose, of Kilravock, and died, leaving as his sole heiress a daughter, Muriel. The old Thane and John's four brothers might ill brook their vast inheritance passing to a girl, and so, by her marriage, into another family. They did what in them lay; they tried to prove Muriel illegitimate, but in vain, and about the year 1510, she, being then twelve years old, married Sir John Campbell, son of Archibald, Second Earl of Argyle. Fourth in descent from these came John Campbell of Cawdor, who became a lunatic, and his brother Colin was appointed Tutor-at-law to administer the estates.

Colin undertook to build a large addition to the Castle, and, oddly enough, considering the importance of the work, seems to have employed no regular architect and to have had no precise plans prepared. A contract dated October 1639 was made with two brothers Nicholson, "meassounes" (masons) in Nairn, giving a general idea of what was required, thus vaguely:—"to build up and outred (clear out) the entrie yet (entrance gate) just vpon the lewelling of the rest of the sydwallis, withe ane licht (window) to the east and ane tother licht quher the saidis meassounes can best haue the samen." But special stipulation was made that "the armes, names and siferis (cyphers) vpon the windocks (windows) sal be weil and sufficientlie wrocht to the said Coleine Campbell his contentment."

The result has fully justified Colin's confidence in the "meassounes"; the work is rough, but substantial; the general effect is very grand, and the "entrie yet," where the drawbridge still swings between two circular towers, is

so fine a specimen of the feudal fortress that one is tempted to wish for the removal of four huge wych elms that have been allowed to grow up in the moat, obscuring the view of the northern face of the Castle.

Further additions and alterations took place in 1684 and 1699, resulting in the erection of the southern portion of the edifice as it now stands, and has been shown in Billing's well-known engraving. The builder was Sir Hugh, son of Colin, who succeeded his uncle John, the lunatic, and married Lady Henrietta Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Moray. He left an immense mass of correspondence, illustrative of historical events and domestic life. Thus in June 1691 he describes some of the scenes which were common in the Highlands in the disturbed period following on the Revolution:—

There came two or three parties off Hielanders, one of them carryed away a great many cattell out of Aitnoch. . . . The partie was strong, betwixt fiftie and threescore. . . . The next partie fell vpon my lands in the more and in the breaes off Altherg, when I was at Inshoch, and carryed such cattell as they found quit away; about thirtie head and four piece of hors. . . . The third partie fell vpon my lands off Boath, but then I was at home and sent my sone Archie and the lightest lads I hade after them. They were overtaken in the breaes of Stratherrick and brought back. One of their boyes was likeways catcht and brought prisoner. And just as this letter is a writing I have advertisement from severall friends off the brea of Strathnaim that ther is a partie off five or six score Lochabber men past by them, who is like may make ane onest this night somewher in our breaes. If we knew wher, we would endeavour to buckle a touch with them.

In marked contrast with such records of turbulence, the charter chest contains lists of garden seeds, clothes, and books for the library, for Sir Hugh had literary tastes, and was himself the author of an "Essay on the Lord's Prayer," published in 1704. But the "Inventar of Lady Calder her Books" is suggestive of profitable exercise rather than recreation; for to relieve such adust works as *Sighs from Hell*, *Balm from Gilead*, and Calamy's *Divine Meditation* there is nothing more succulent than *The Book of Palmetry*, *The Art of Complaisance*, and Ruthven's *Ladies Cabinet Enlarged*.

One thing is remarkable and significant, that, in all the mass of accounts for goods supplied to this Highland Thane and his family, there is no mention that tartans or other Highland equipment were required.

4 ells black fingrum at 15s.	£3
½ ell fine dito for canons to your breeches.	15s.
10½ doz. fine black Inglis buttounis . . .	£3 3s.
4½ ells fine vermilion for a wescoat at 32s.	
the ell	£24
1 black Inglis batt	£15 12s.

and so on (the money is Scots, wherein one pound equals a shilling sterling), but philabegs, plaids, sporrans, Highland brooches, are not so much as hinted at. There was no sentimental feeling among the well-to-do for the dress of the caterans who lifted the cattle.

For the most sombre incident associated with this old house and its Thaness we must go back to 1584, when John Campbell of Cawdor was nominated one of six guardians to the boy Earl of Argyll. He and Campbell of Lochneil plotted successfully to obtain exclusive control over their ward; but this did not suit the views of Campbell of Ardkinglas, who first tried to obtain the young Earl's confidence by witchcraft, and then employed two Highlanders to assassinate the Thane. Cawdor was killed by the shot of a hag-butt fired from a house in Knapoch, in Lorn. The darkest part of this transaction was that, while the immediate assassins were taken and hanged, Ardkinglas, who directed them, got off with impunity.

There is a noble view from the top of Cawdor tower. On the south, beyond the ancient garden (which, be it said, is capable of arrangement more in harmony with the building) and the broad woods encircling the park, frowns the brown front of Carn-nan-tri-tighearnan, or Three-Lords-Hill, where three large estates meet. Northwards, overlooking the Castle close, in which stands a walnut-tree of remarkable size and luxuriance, the eye travels across the level carse to the Moray Firth, beyond which Ben Wyvis and the mountains of Strathconan gleam with the first snows of October. Trees grow in such sort here as to confute Dr. Johnson's snarl that during the whole of his Scottish tour he only saw three big enough to hang a man on. The ash and sycamores which overhang the entrance-way and cluster round Cawdor

Mill are giants. But then the climate of the Moray Firth is such as those who have never breathed it can scarcely reconcile with the latitude. Mild, yet bright and bracing, it is rapidly bringing Nairn into repute as a sanatorium; nor have the burgesses of that ancient town been remiss in providing the essential furniture of every watering-place; for, availing themselves of natural advantage in the ground, they have laid out an admirable golf-links.

YACHTS AT THE AQUARIUM.

MODEL yachts and their construction, their build and balance, their sails and lines, are among the most abstruse subjects of the scientific inquiry of the day. The art and mystery of building the great twenty-knot ocean steamers have been acquired by the means of experiments on little boats of two or three feet long. The calculations are increased in difficulty by various conditions. Thus what may suit a model in wood does not suit a full-grown ship in iron. The proportions which are perfect in one size will not suit another. Architects are constantly reminded of both these conditions when, for instance, they would adapt the little portico of the Parthenon to a stucco conventicle of twice its size. In ship-building it is one of the great problems, and, in fact, we can only liken the work of the successful yacht designer to that of a Stradiarius or an Amati in building fiddles. But, just as the violin constructor is unable to say for certain whether or not his work will prove to have the tone of a Guarneri del Gesu or be only fit for the top of a barrel at a Dutch *Kermesse*, so the yacht-builder may produce two boats, side by side, of the same wood, on the same lines, rigged alike, and soon; and one will literally outsail the wind, while the other is only fit for the use of a fisherman. Exhibitions tend even more than actual sailing to diminish these uncertainties, and a visit to the Aquarium, where such a show is open, should prove both interesting and instructive. The Catalogue has been compiled and arranged by Mr. E. A. du Plat, who also organized the exhibition, and who has prefixed an excellent introduction. From it we learn among other things that as far back as the time of Plutarch voyages of pleasure were undertaken. Charles II. may be said to have introduced yachting into England, and the first sailing match on the Thames took place in 1661. A few years later "many boats were built for competition in speed." There is so little in these sad days to be put to the credit of Southern Ireland that we note with pleasure the following fact:—"The first Yacht Association was undoubtedly the Cork Water Club." It still exists, having been founded in 1720, and Mr. du Plat tells us that the rules are exceedingly quaint, among them being a provision that the members are not to drink more than two bottles of wine at dinner, "except when his majesty's judges are present." The Royal Yacht Squadron, which may be looked upon as the principal association of the kind in the world, which includes emperors, kings, princes, and other potentates in its list of past and present members, was founded in 1815. Mr. du Plat asserts that yacht-racing is "the one sport in which honour is the only prize sought after."

The models shown comprise every possible variety of build, but perhaps the modern development of the keel is the most remarkable thing. A little treatise on the subject is in the catalogue, and is very interesting, but too short, though Mr. du Plat is careful to explain that it is intended only for landmen. The show comprises models, half-models, pictures, Thames skiffs, oilskins, rigging, patent blocks, compasses, rowlocks, and side-scuttles, among other objects too numerous to name. One of the models represents the *Valhalla*, built last year for Mr. Laycock. This yacht is said to be the largest afloat, being 239 feet 6 inches long. She was designed by Mr. Storey, and is fitted with auxiliary engines, electric light, and a freezing chamber. She is rigged as a ship, and carries a crew of 120 sailors. In appearance she closely resembles a man-of-war. She is being completed at Gosport, and starts on her first voyage this month. Altogether, even to a landsman, this is a very interesting exhibition.

MONEY MATTERS.

LAST week a Committee representing the Boards of the guaranteed Railway Companies of Argentina solicited the good offices of Lord Rothschild's Committee with the Argentine Government, pointing out that the guarantees due from the Government to the Companies had fallen greatly in arrear. On Friday Lord Rothschild's Committee met and telegraphed to Buenos Ayres urging that the guarantees should be promptly paid. It is to be hoped that the advice will be promptly taken. Two of the Companies have been offered and have accepted payment of the guarantees in gold at 62½ per cent., but the other Companies reject the offer. Probably, however, some compromise will be arrived at. The Government objects to the inclusion in the working expenses of several items, and it argues further that there are debts due from the Companies to the Government. The first point is clearly one to be settled by the Courts if the Government and the Companies cannot agree amongst themselves. For the Government cannot be the judge in its own case. As for the second point, it will not bear examination. An Act of 1891 changed the guarantee conditions. But Congress is not competent to alter existing contracts. Naturally it is feared by all concerned that the action of the Government is the first step towards a refusal to carry out the arrangement made with the Rothschild Committee immediately after the Baring crisis. It was then settled that, with the exception of the Five per Cent. loan of 1886, all other existing liabilities of the Government should be defrayed by the issue of bonds of what is called the Funding Loan. The guaranteed Companies accepted the arrangement, it was sanctioned by an Act of Congress, and it is now the settled law of the Republic. Clearly the Executive Government has no more right to infringe the law than any private citizen. But the Finance Minister some time ago made a report to the President in which he declared that it is impossible for the Republic to pay the full interest and the guarantees for which it is liable, and he recommended that the issue of Funding Loan bonds should be stopped. The City now fears that the Finance Minister's views have prevailed, and that the difficulties made in regard to the guarantees are the beginning of a repudiation of the settlement of 1890. Unfortunately the President appears quite unequal to the occasion. He has appointed a Cabinet that is utterly divided—so hopelessly, indeed, that the Minister of the Interior recently resigned, and up to the present no one has been found to take his place. The Government has no majority in Congress, and the public seems utterly discontented. It is said that all public business is at a standstill, that nothing can be got through any public office, that every one who applies is sent from pillar to post until he is worn out by the delays to which he is subjected. And there is ominous talk of an impending revolution. A couple of times quite recently the telegrams have stated that the President was about to resign, and it would appear that pressure is being brought to bear upon him to induce him to do so. There are also rumours in the City that the army is disaffected, and that at any moment there may be a pronunciamiento in favour of ex-President Roca. Altogether the political outlook is very disquieting. The country itself is unquestionably beginning to recover from the crisis. The crops just harvested are large, and a very active export business is being done. The area under cultivation is being extended, and the agricultural classes are very prosperous. If there were only a capable and honest Government, there would be every reason to expect a rapid recovery. But, unfortunately, the political situation is so uncertain, and indeed threatening, that it is to be feared business will suffer. The premium on gold, which a little while ago had fallen below 180 per cent., has been this week as high as 220 per cent., and even over; in other words, the purchasing power of the paper-money has again fallen seriously, showing that confidence in the Government has been shaken, and that people are beginning to fear serious trouble. The difficulties of the railway Companies are thus only a symptom of the loss of influence and credit by the Government. If the President can be induced to change his present Cabinet, and to adopt a wiser and more conciliatory policy, it is possible that the dangers may even yet be averted; if not, it is to be feared that there will be at least an attempt at revolution.

The revenue collections do not seem to be lessening the supply of loanable capital in the open market, as was expected. Moreover, the Government intends to pay off a considerable amount of Treasury bills falling due. And as the Bank of France has stopped paying interest upon gold on the way from the ports of shipment to Paris, it is anticipated that the French demand for the metal will fall off. Therefore, rates in the open market have somewhat declined this week. The market, at the same time, is in a very unsettled state, and may change greatly at any moment. The United States Senate has refused to discuss the Bill for repealing the Silver Purchase Act. Possibly the Senate may have been actuated by either personal or party motives, and the vote, therefore, may not express its deliberate opinion. All the same, it seems to show that the Senate will do nothing in the present Session, and from later news it looks as if the Lower House will do nothing either. Therefore the probability seems to be that the repeal cannot be effected for some months to come. That has disturbed opinion in New York, and people are seriously anxious because the amount of "free" gold—of gold, that is, which it can use for any purpose—now at the disposal of the Treasury is smaller than it has been since the resumption of specie payments. If alarm should grow, there may be disturbance in New York, and that would inevitably affect the European money markets.

The silver market is fairly steady. There is a good demand from India, and the vote of the United States Senate seeming to show that the stoppage of silver purchases is put off for some months at least, has naturally encouraged operators. On the other hand, if alarm should grow in the United States, or the Treasury should be compelled to borrow gold, the silver market might be disturbed. In any case, everybody is coming to the conclusion that the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act will take place some time this year.

Prices on the Stock Exchange are well maintained; but there is exceedingly little business. There is a moderate demand for first-class investment stocks; but with that exception the general public is doing exceedingly little. It is wisely abstaining from all speculation, and even the professional operators are very cautious how they act. The Board of Trade Returns show that the falling off in our foreign trade still continues. The value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures during the first month of the year was only 18,026,000*l.*, a decrease of as much as 1,120,000*l.* compared with January of last year, or over 5½ per cent. Considering that the falling off has been going on since the Baring crisis, this is very unsatisfactory. No doubt to a large extent it is due to exceptionally low prices; but it is not encouraging that even yet the low prices are not stimulating the foreign demand. There was a considerable increase, however, in the re-exports of foreign produce. The value of the imports amounted to 33,126,000*l.*, a decrease of 5,359,000*l.*, or nearly 14 per cent. It will be seen that the imports are falling off much more than the exports. There is a very large decrease in the imports of raw cotton, but wool somewhat increased. The home trade, too, is feeling the effects of the long crisis, and the railway dividends have continued disappointing to the end. On Monday the London and North-Western Company announced a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, comparing with 7½ at this time last year. The political uncertainty in Argentina, too, is disquieting, especially the reported rising in the province of Santa Fé. There are large numbers of Italians, Swiss, and Germans settled in that province, who have served in the army, and who would be very formidable insurgents if they took up arms. Lastly, the continued banking crisis in Australasia, the losses inflicted by floods, and the general depression in trade there weigh upon the stock markets. On the other hand, the Continental Bourses have recovered from the recent scare. There are hopes in France now that the present Government will act with vigour whenever the occasion arises. The visit of the Czar to Berlin has increased the hopes of peace, which are still more strengthened by the announcement that the negotiations for a commercial treaty between Germany and Russia will be resumed next week. But the news from Russia is exceedingly bad, Italy is disturbed by the banking scandals, and the financial crisis in Spain does not improve.

Consols continue to rise rapidly under the influence of Sinking Fund purchases and investment. They closed on Thursday at 99½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. Indian sterling Three per Cents closed at

99½, a rise of ½; Canadian Three and a Half closed at 104½, a rise of ½; and Cape of Good Hope Three and a Half closed at 103, also a rise of ½. In the Home Railway market, Midland closed at 162, a rise of 2½; London and Brighton Undivided closed at 164, a rise of 2; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 109, a rise of 1; and London and North-Western closed at 175½, a rise of ½. In the American market the changes have been considerable. Shares, however, have generally declined, while bonds have more than usually advanced. For example, Milwaukee shares closed at 82½, a fall of ½; Illinois Central closed at 185½, a fall of ½; Lake Shore at 132½, a fall of 1½. But Erie Second Mortgage closed at 107½, a rise of ½. Turning to the Argentine railway market, Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 75-7, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1. Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 116-18, also a fall of 1; but Central Argentine closed at 68, a rise of 1. Argentine Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 65, a fall of 1. Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 73, a rise of ½, while Chilean Four and a Half closed at 88, a fall of ½. In the inter-bourse market there has been very little change, upon the whole quotations being exceedingly well maintained. Egyptian Unified closed at 99½, a rise of ½, and German Three per Cent. Scrip closed at 97, a rise of 1. The settlement was adjusted this week with the greatest ease, as the volume of speculative business is very small and money was superabundant and even difficult to employ.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND LOPE DE VEGA.

OUR actual Columbus festivities, with their exhibitions, naval reviews, memorial tablets, monumentomania, and what not, are but a feeble echo of the enthusiasm which the discovery of the great navigator provoked at the time of its achievement. A definite and complete study of all literary works of the period inspired by the event would be not only an enterprise worthy of an inquisitive erudition, but also a useful help in tracing a line of demarcation between legend and history, and would throw a flood of light on many insoluble or disputable points. The libraries and archives of Spain and Portugal, France and Italy, are simply crowded with apposite documents, and, whilst leaving perforce *la nobile fatica* to others, let us acquaint the reader with a Spanish drama which realizes best that combination of lyric and epic elements which alone, according to Tassoni, can worthily commemorate the glorious event. "Quanto all' impresa gloriosa ed eroica del Colombo," says Tassoni, in his letter preceding the first canto of the *Oceano*, "io mi restringerei, come fece Omero quand' egli cantò gli errori di Ulisse, a fortune di mare, a contrasti e macchine di demoni, a incontri di mostri, a incanti di maghi, a impeti di genti selvaggio, e a discordie e ribellioni dei suoi; che furono in parte cose vere. E negli amori andrei molto cauto, per non uscire dal cerchio; e fingerei piuttosto le Indiane innamorate dei nostri, che i nostri di loro, come nell' istoria si legge di Anacaona."

And that is exactly what Lope de Vega had done before even Tassoni had formulated his wish. Born hardly seventy years after the discovery, of an adventurous disposition, a traveller, and a soldier himself, Lope de Vega was bound to be attracted by the marvellous subject, and amongst his two thousand or so of comedies there is hardly one more typical of his genius, or more quaintly interesting, than *La famosa comedia del nuevo mundo descubierto por Christobal Colon* (Madrid, 1614). It is like a summary of all qualities and shortcomings of the entire work of the writer, who was proclaimed by his contemporaries "the magician of grace, passion, and wit." The tendency of the drama is thoroughly patriotic and religious, and its purpose is more in the glorification of the victory of Christianity over idolatry than of genius over ignorance. It is delightful to see how the grand and the puerile, the magnanimous and the naïf, hobnob in it on every step. Mythology in the mouths of the savages, science and history in that of the kings, the theological discussions between the Spaniards and the Indians, the extraordinarily rapid changes of places of action, and other absurdities, make one smile even at the author, and recall to mind a criticism of the time:—"I have seen on our theatre ships sailing over deserts, horses run from one island to another; I have seen Famagosta in Biscay, Persia on the Alps, and Columbus turned into the

horse of Troja." Worthy of note is, also, that already then nobody knew where the future Duke of Beragues was exactly born; in the first scene, Act 1, Colombo calls Genoa his country; in the second scene he says, "Nasci en Nervi, pobre Aldea de Genova, flor de Italia"; and later, in the fifth scene, "Colon es mi apellido, y que es mi patria Genova la bella."

The first act opens with a dialogue between Columbus and his brother Bartolome, who while waiting for the King of Portugal comfort one another, Columbus hoping that the King will not consider his enterprise like the conquest of "la Esfera del viento vano," but in the light of something "a exceder al Griego Euclides," and vanquish even the fame of Alcibiades, Bartolome encouraging his brother and calling him "Dedalo . . . en el arte y en el buelo." Enter the King of Portugal, the Duke of Alencastre, and suite. The King asks, "Eres tu aquel nuevo Tales, que de aqueste mundo sales, para buscar otro en el?" Columbus explains humbly, addressing him as "alto Rey de Lusitania," how he had heard from a shipwrecked seaman on the island of Madeira of new and unknown lands to the West, and how he craves to be "el primero Argonauta" of these lands, and how he begs to throw at the King's feet a new world. The King calls him the maddest man he ever saw, and obliges him with an extraordinary lesson in geography:—"Los cosmografos famosos en tres partes dividieron la tierra, sempre estudiosos; Africa, Assia, Europa fueron sus nombres claros y hermosos. Europa la mas pequena, de quien es cabeza Roma, Francia, España, Italia enseña, a Norvega y a Creta doma, y de Germana a Cerdeña, &c." Columbus, stupefied by so much learning, does not know what to answer, and as the King, proud of his success, retires, Bartolome prepares to leave for England, and Columbus decides to go to Spain, exclaiming, "Ya mi esperanza perdida del mar sale y buelve en mar." Without any more ado we are in Granada, at the Court of King Mahomed, who takes matters easy, with Dalifa his Mora; and when the Alcalde Zelím comes to announce with a lugubrious pun that the "Granada" is "open and ripe," meaning that the town has surrendered to the Spaniards, Mahomed leaves the place with the utmost unconcern, and we are in Castilla. Bartolome has already returned from England *bredouille*; Columbus has had an important interview with the Dukes of Medinaceli and Medinasionia with a like result. He decides to start anyhow, and whilst his brother goes to prepare everything with the faithful pilot Pinzon, he remains to think matters over, maps and compass in hands. Suddenly a figure dressed in various colours—the Imagination of Columbus—appears from above, comforts him, and lifting him in the air, transports him to the other end of the stage, where we see seated on a throne Providence flanked by Religion and Idolatry. These two quarrel, Religion deciding that the Indies belong to the Faith: "De la Fé las Indias son." Providence decrees that "Ferdinand should favour the enterprise." Here El Demonio begs for admission, and that being granted, explains that the New World belongs to him, and threatens to have it out with Columbus if he is interfered with. No heed is paid to him even; everything disappears, for the King Ferdinand and his Queen Isabella enter with a brilliant suite to the sounds of music, joyous shouts, and other festive manifestations on account of the news which "cancel that day the last African monarchy in Spain." Columbus explains, and the King, pleased with the conquest, grants him the sixteen thousand ducats that he asks for his venture, but asks, with a wink, "Who will lend this money to me and Columbus?" To which Alonzo, with another wink, "Surely our purveyor of provisions."

The second act, which is very original—so original, in fact, that it was almost bodily taken a short time ago by a librettist—opens with the scene of the ocean, where we see, by-and-by, a ship with a crew in open revolt. Columbus, apostrophized as "arrogante Capitan de aquesta engañada gente," treated to such epithets as "Second Lucifer, new Moses who dries the sea with his rod, mathematician of the impossible, &c.," implores three days' grace before submitting to the sentence passed on him, and which is neither less nor more than a *noyade*, that he may serve as food to those fishes of which his companions are utterly sick. The delay is granted, the ship disappears, and immediately appear "Indios y Indias," music, songs, and a wedding-party. Dulcano and Tacuana are about to be married, the lady not consenting, for her heart is with Tapirazu. Here he comes and defies his rival:—"Let us see who deserves

her more . . . Take a rock and see who handles it better; try your bow, and were it even a star in heaven I shall hit it first with a stone; try your club, discuss the science of the stars, paint, jump, run, fish, hunt—I defy you at every test in your own domain or in the sandy desert." To which rather complicated invitation Dulcano answers, with great simplicity:—"Excuse me, O sun, that I throw him at you and pulverize him in you." And so on, when suddenly, shouts of "Tierra, tierra," and gunshots are heard. Ante, one of the party, runs in search of news, and comes back telling of "three houses which, wrapt up in canvas, walk over the waters," and of "men who have hair on their faces, and in their hands sticks that make fire, smoke, and thunder." Dulcano explains that this is only big fish overfull of human flesh, and disgorging the same to the sounds of thunder, one peal for each vomited morsel. Tapirazu pretends these are "relics of giants," but before they can come to a conclusion the navigators enter, and "Indios y Indias" bolt. Fray Buyl plants a green cross in the soil, which is kissed, blessed, and baptized; the cross is called *Arbol de la nave hermosa de la Iglesia, Verde laurel de vittoria*, &c., and as the enthusiasm subsides, Columbus observes, "Bien esta assi, solo resta saber si ay gente." They look round and they meet a native lady, Palca, who soon becomes sociable, and calls to the others to come up. They do, and "go" for the cross at once; but frightened by the reports of the firearms, agree to agree; the Spaniards ask for gold, and get it; where are those Indios? (N.B. this is not in the text), and are invited by Dulcano to supper, composed of the following menu:—Four of the fattest slaves fresh killed and roasted and served with *silvestres manjares*. Columbus exclaims, "Cielos, oy fundo la fee en otro mundo nuevo; España este mundo os llevo, Nuevo mundo!" And all in chorus, "Nuevo mundo," and the curtain falls.

In the third act Columbus has gone to Spain; his comrades left behind *se la coulent douce* with the native ladies, and pay with their lives for the joke. We travel from the happy island to Haïti and back without previous notice. Bartolome starts on a pastoral mission amongst the Indios; but Dulcano finds his theology difficult, long, and complicated, and, whilst the others go to mass, remains to consider the matter. El Demonio, faithful to his threat, appears, and sets Dulcano against the foreigners and their religion; thunder and lightning; appears an altar with a quantity of lights and a cross; two idols tumble down from up above and smash six devils; El Demonio acknowledges his defeat, and hides his shame in the dungeons of Lethe, whatever that may be. Dulcano on his side is settled by the miracle of a cross surging slowly in place of the old one, more resplendent, and surrounded by angels, and delivers himself of the following:—"Without any doubt the Christian religion is the true one; may die who says the contrary." In the twinkling of an eye we are in Spain; the King and his Queen await Columbus; just to keep his hand in the King exclaims when the Minister announces that Columbus is at the door: "Abrilda de en par en par, y sino haz el de lugar, como en Troya al Paladron!" Enter Columbus in his travelling garments, six half-naked and painted Indians, two pages with salvers full of gold, and another with parrots and falcons. The King, not to fall off, calls him "the new Alexander," makes a pun on his Christian name, and, having created him already Duke of Beragues, completes his bounty by a grant of arms; two castles for Castilla, and a Lion for Leone on maritime waters; Columbus is acclaimed "luz deste mundo primera," and whilst midst music, dancing and banners all go to christen the Indians, he explains the symbol of his new coat of arms, finishing thus the play:—

Y a qui Senado se acaba
La historia del Nuevo Mundo.

¿ Quien sabe? Lope de Vega did not foresee the adapter, the author-manager, and Drury Lane. Somebody may oblige.

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

THE old adage that there is nothing new under the sun receives illustration constantly in all matters, but nowhere more so, perhaps, in spite of the enterprise which we expect from our officers, than where war is concerned. To-day a controversy is raging as to whether cavalry shall, in future, fight most effectively on foot or on horseback. The Russians favour the former method, the Germans the

latter, and the Russians have the courage of their convictions, and have given their dragoons a bayonet, much to the astonishment and disgust of the admirers of the "arme blanche." Yet we all remember how Macaulay illustrated the wayward and eccentric genius of Peterborough by quoting his action at Barcelona, when, he captured the town with some dismounted troopers. But ages before the War of Succession Alexander had organized *δυνατοι*, or cavalry intended to fight indifferently both on foot and horseback, and attendants were attached to them to hold the chargers while the horsemen dismounted to act as infantry, after the manner of the horseholders of the present day. Denison tells us that this seems the first instance of the use of dragoons, but we might seek further back still for the germ of the idea, and quote the ancient war chariots intended to convey an armed man quickly and without fatigue to the scene of conflict.

Peter the Great organized Dragoon Grenadiers in 1708 who were armed with muskets and bayonets, as are their descendants of to-day. We need not, however, go beyond the time of Napoleon to find a precedent for the Russian innovation which has so scandalized the *sabreurs* of to-day. The Carabineers of the French army at the close of the last century were armed with carbine, pistol, sword, and bayonet. At Austerlitz there were still some thus equipped, and the small musket without the bayonet was retained during the wars of 1809, although three years later it too was cast aside when Cuirassiers became fashionable. And besides these special Carabineers Napoleon had a force of dragoons proper—that is to say, men trained to fight either on foot or in the saddle. In 1802 there were twenty-one regiments composed of such foot soldiers on horseback, although the tendency, we are told, was for them to turn into real cavalry, with perhaps some greater capacity for fighting on foot than had the others. This tendency has ever been inevitable, and to-day with us the fear is that our mounted may, if their proclivities in such a direction are not interfered with, develop into a spurious imitation of Hussars. On the Rhine these dragoons of Napoleon did not succeed as did the cavalry pure and simple, and therefore they were sent away to Spain when war broke out in that country. Here their special characteristics found ample verge and scope ere long; for the desultory warfare of the guerrilla type carried on by the inhabitants of that country was exactly the sort of fighting most suited to them. Thus it was that by 1812 Napoleon had again increased his force of dragoons to thirty regiments. In addition there was a large force of Chasseurs-à-cheval in the French army.

To all intents and purposes these troops performed the same duties in Spain as are intended to fall to our mounted infantry, and our latest innovation is practically, therefore, but a return to the method of our great opponent at the commencement of the century. The modern breechloader has its counterpart, too, in that invented by the ingenious Marshal Saxe, who achieved so much success with his novelty that he armed one of his regiments of Uhlans with carbines that were loaded in this way. He is also credited with the invention of an "organ gun," as it was then termed, or mitrailleuse; but, considering that it took an armorer a quarter of an hour and the help of all his tools to load it, we can well imagine how it was that the suggestion was not followed up. It is remarkable also that our recent tactics in the Soudan, when we formed squares to resist the rush of our fanatical opponents, are simply a copy of those which Napoleon was compelled to adopt in that part of the world nearly a century ago. The Mamelukes, who were his most dangerous antagonists, were better trained and better mounted than any cavalry he had to bring against them, and, moreover, greatly outnumbered the French squadrons. He was obliged, therefore, to rely entirely on his artillery and infantry, and these were formed into squares, with the guns at the angles, just as our troops were drawn up to stem the rushes at El Teb and Tamai. At Ulundi our formation was the same, and, like us on that occasion, we read that Napoleon placed his baggage and his cavalry in the centre of the square, and when the foe was beaten launched the horsemen to the pursuit just as we loosed our squadrons on the Zulus. But another and celebrated feature of the French expedition was his organization of a regiment mounted on dromedaries, which constituted a species of dragoon force very useful in the desert, where horses marched with great difficulty. Now when we sent a corps of camelry up the Nile to the relief of Gordon the idea appeared to astonish many by its

originality, and not a few amongst the general public were inclined to regard the innovation as fanciful, and savouring somewhat of a circus, or the resources of a Drury Lane pantomime. Especially was exception taken to the arrangement by which men were picked from infantry battalions, or regiments of cavalry, the household cavalry not even being exempted from the drain. Whatever disadvantages—and they are not a few—such a system of depleting the fighting strength of other corps in order to improve that of a favoured one may have had, the great example of Napoleon may at least be quoted in defence of it. His cavalry also was composed of carefully chosen infantry soldiers, armed with muskets and bayonets as usual, and riding, we are told, on a kind of Turkish saddle which covered the hump of the animal. The method of employing them in action was likewise, and naturally so, very similar to what it has been in our own time on the Bayuda Desert. The dromedaries halted and knelt down, while the men dismounted and formed up in the accustomed manner as infantry, either in line or in square as circumstances required. It will be noted, however, that Napoleon only employed infantrymen in this particular kind of service. The employment of cavalrymen to fight in squares, dismounted, mingled too in some cases with foot-soldiers, is a more doubtful matter, and it is to our practice in this respect that hostile criticism has most effectually been directed. By Napoleon's arrangement, each soldier carried ten days' provisions with him. It was at first arranged that each animal was to carry two riders; but subsequently it was found more advisable to mount only one, the space occupied by the other being utilized to carry provisions. After Napoleon's time Sir Charles Napier organized a force of the same kind, and turned it to good account in Scinde, so that there was really but little originality about our feats in Egypt after all.

The celebrated raids during the American War of Secession, and our own brilliant cavalry dash on Cairo, after the victory of Tel el Kebir, in 1882, had also their counterparts in the days of Frederick, and the swarms of Croats and Pandours which his opponents could bring against him, annoyed him as much as ever did the irregulars of the Confederates disturb the equanimity of the North.

What Carlyle calls the "circumambient atmosphere of Pandours" was "tenebrific" to the Prussians, and kept them in perpetual midnight. The partisan raid of General Haddick with 4,000 men and four guns upon Berlin on the 17th of October, 1757, bears the very closest analogy to the feats of the American war. His force consisted principally of Croats, and by concealing his strength as much as possible, and keeping to the woods chiefly on his march, he not only obtained a good start, but caused the numbers of his force to be grossly exaggerated in the reports which reached his opponents as to his doings. Having gained the neighbourhood of the Prussian capital without opposition, he suddenly assaulted the Silesian Gate, and was soon in undisturbed possession of the suburb of the city. General Rochow, the Commandant of Berlin, had a force under his command which was actually superior to that of Haddick; but, imposed upon by the rumours which had reached him, and panic-stricken by the bold front shown by the Austrians, he fled to Spandau with the Royal Family and archives, and left the capital to make its own terms with his enterprising opponent. At the end of a good deal of bargaining Haddick accepted 27,000*l.* as ransom, and after a halt of twelve hours, marched off again, evading any attempts made to cut him off, and effecting a safe retreat behind the river Spree.

We have also a very curious instance of history repeating itself in respect to the imitation of the Germans which is at the present day so rampant in this country. A man writes a book on cavalry, and imagines he has done his work well when he copies pages almost verbatim from German regulations, and a lecturer appears to think he has silenced criticism when he appeals to the practice or authority of our neighbours. It is evidence of weakness when a man thus takes refuge behind the opinions of others, and of ignorance when others do not endeavour to oust him from his fancied security. Recently there have been, we are glad to see, signs of a more independent spirit, and voices have been raised in a manner that implies the growth of a less abject disposition. After the successes of the Great Frederick, the same slavish reverence for the methods of the victors, down even to the most insignificant trifles, prevailed; but an English military writer had pride enough then to rebel against the yoke. General Lloyd, the historian of the wars of those days, who

had served in several campaigns of the master-spirit of the age, comments harshly and fearlessly on the great attention paid to numberless and insignificant trifles which occupied the minds of the armies of Europe in his time. The whole science of war was at length reduced to considerations as to how to adjust a hat or button. "They attribute," he writes, "the glorious victories of the King of Prussia to these and like puerilities." "Short clothes, little hats, tight breeches, high-heeled shoes, and an infinite number of useless motions in the exercises and evolutions, have been introduced without any other reason than their being Prussian." Are we not still under the spell, and do not many time-honoured traditions of the Seven Years' War linger with us still? Was it not because the conquering Teutons wore the "pickelhaube" in 1870 that we forthwith discarded the head-dress worn by the majority of our troops, to substitute for it one ugly and unserviceable, with all the faults and none of the advantages of the model from which it was taken? If imitation be necessary, let us copy those portions of foreign military organization which are valuable, and not occupy ourselves with a pale and feeble reproduction of that which does not bring about the object with which men go into the field—the gaining of victories. Gravelotte and Sedan would have been great victories had the Germans fought bare-headed, or even in their shirt-sleeves; and that paladin, the fabled Uhlan, would have been equally valuable and ubiquitous if he had left his lance at home.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS.

THERE is probably no town of the same size in the United Kingdom about the locality of which so much uncertainty exists as in the case of Barrow-in-Furness. It has been publicly congratulated by lecturers and other personages upon having all the "canny" instincts of Cumberland, as well as upon being the only port and the largest town in Westmorland. As a matter of fact, the latter county does touch upon Morecambe Bay at the little watering-place of Arncliffe, while, spiritually, Barrow is in the diocese of Carlisle. The error, therefore, in misplacing Lancashire-over-sands is not quite so heinous as might seem.

Barrow is the capital of the Furness peninsula, and though a portion of Her Britannic Majesty's dominion, seems to be almost a place by itself. Half a century ago it was a mere village, whose inhabitants were engaged partly in fishing, partly in agriculture. Hemmed in by arms of the sea, and by estuaries difficult to cross, they paid but very occasional visits to fairs at Kendal, Lancaster, and Preston, while notions from the outside world were imported only by coasting schooners which called to take the Furness ore to South Wales. A quotation from Fisher's *Popular History* will illustrate the primitive ways of the inhabitants. After speaking of the kindness of the villagers to one another, the author states that "it was the custom in the winter season to place a cartload of potatoes at the Malt Kiln Coke Oven. To this all had free access." Again, "The inhabitants undertook fishing expeditions down the channel to provide for their needs, and frequently landed heavy catches of fish at Piel or other places. A draw-net, 150 yards long, was placed at the disposal of any who might require to use it. Mulletts were to be caught in large quantities at a position on Old Barrow called Welshman's Bay." The writer goes on to state that often a cartload of fish was caught, and sometimes even three or four tons weight. "After a load of fish had been landed the fishermen would select what they required themselves, and the remainder was carted up to the village," there to become common property. Contrast these pictures with that of a Parliamentary borough of over 50,000 population, containing one of the largest Hematite Steel works and one of the largest shipbuilding yards in the world, with magnificent dock accommodation, and sites most ample and convenient for any further industries that may gravitate towards this young town.

Like the Princess in the fairy-tale, Barrow is waiting for Prince Prosperity, whenever he may come. At present the young man is hanging back a little, and seems to possess not so much a romantic as a calculating mind; and so the good burghers are going about their work with a somewhat wistful expression upon their anxious faces, and talk yearningly of the "Good Times" when Barrow saw such

golden days that ten-shilling pieces were paid to cabmen by steelworkers, and sovereigns were handed across the bars by artisans who, not unfrequently, forgot to demand the change. These were the days when three theatres and a circus were in full swing, and enjoyed a large measure of popular patronage.

Not unnaturally this sudden rise has earned for Barrow many a look askance and many a bitter word from her very respectably ancient neighbours. Possibly their candid strictures had some justice on their side when there was "work" to be had by all and sundry, and many a queer-looking fellow on the road professed that he was padding it to "Barrer." Now this has been much changed. A draught or two of the bitter wine of adversity has chastened the high spirits of the rising town, and to-day the magistrates' lists show as humdrum a number of cases as any other borough of the same kind. It was a fortunate chance that the town was well governed in its early years by some few powerful and large-minded capitalists. The result is that, instead of a chance collection of small things, we find well-designed wide streets and roads, well lighted and well laid. Some of these are 120 feet in width, and planted with trees whose summer and winter glories are about equally beautiful. Steam-trams are in possession of the main thoroughfares, and run from one end of the new borough to the other, a distance of about four miles.

There is no presumption in favour of antiquity in municipal affairs, and the consequence is that all the most modern ideas are freely adopted and put upon their trial at once. Society, in whatever rank, is cosmopolitan, and members of every portion of the United Kingdom mingle together in such admired confusion that we find that there is no one prevailing dialect, though the Furness speech is most nearly allied to the Westmorland variety. It is difficult to say what the average Barrow man is. He seems to be a modern chimera—part sailor, part engineer, and part railway-porter. To the political economist, also, the town should prove an interesting study, as, instead of a predominance of the small, independent tradesman, it presents a number of apparently flourishing co-operative stores, and branch establishments of large wholesale houses. Add to this the fact that all the great "concerns" are governed by Limited Companies, and the disadvantage of a community like this will be seen at once. It lies in this—that the town is in danger of becoming, as it were, a soul-less body, regulated mainly by those who have only a comparatively small monetary interest in its success, and not depending so much upon those who stake their all. It is true that a "residential" class is rapidly growing up in the neighbourhood, but undoubtedly the grievance hinted at above is a real one. It would be quite unjust to say that this has induced any stagnation in municipal life; but the constant change, caused by promotion or removal of managers of works and heads of departments, has necessarily an unsettling effect upon the life of the town, and this is more strikingly true in that grade of society which is called the working classes. In politics the community is changeable. It has returned, in three successive elections, a Unionist, a Radical, and a Conservative. It may, perhaps, make up its mind next time. Architecturally, Barrow may be said to be true to its inhabitants. It has, strictly speaking, no native population; neither has it preference for any style of art. There is one feature within its boundary—namely, the Town Hall, a building specially referred to in the *Art Journal* as a triumph of the Victorian era. Those who would find a corrective to the newness of Barrow can seek the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary of Furness hard by.

THE THEATRES.

THE new management at the Trafalgar Square Theatre—that of Messrs. Yorke Stephens and E. W. Garden—opened on Saturday night with *The County Councillor*, Mr. H. Graham's three-act farcical comedy, or rather farce, produced at a Strand Theatre matinée in November last, when it was noticed in the columns of this Review. In consequence, no doubt, of more complete and careful preparation than was to be expected for a single performance, it now plays much more briskly than it did on the former representation, with the result that the defects of construction are much less obvious than before. Mr. E. W. Garden's rendering of Mr. Faddicum, the Chairman of the Arms and Legs

Committee of the County Council, who writes clandestine love-letters to Miss Lottie Singleton, the music-hall star, is full of droll energy. Some of his lines are genuinely funny, in spite, or perhaps in consequence of, their intimate association with the farce-humours of many years ago. Mr. Yorke Stephens repeated his rapid performance of Dick Wellington, and Mr. Mark Kinghorne played the wooden detective with the same imperturbable stupidity which on the former occasion made Mr. Ernest Hendrie's performance of the character extremely diverting. The puerilities of the solicitor's clerk were softened down to vanishing point by the excellent discretion exhibited by Mr. Cyril Maude. Miss Fanny Brough again took the weight of the play upon her shoulders, losing nothing of her energy and dash by the elimination of the vulgarity to which the part of Miss Lottie Singleton might have lent itself in hands less tasteful and experienced. Efficient help was also contributed by Miss Helen Leyton (after a long absence from the stage), Miss Marie Lascelles, Miss Gertrude Price, and Mr. O'Neill. In fact, although Mr. Graham's play may not call for any high standard of acting, in the ordinary sense, it does demand a very great measure of tact and discretion, qualities not always to be found, nor often easily exercised, in the case of a work the very absurdity of whose character requires that it shall be played at breakneck speed. It is, therefore, highly creditable to the company, as a whole, that so slangy a farce should in their hands have caused so much fun and so little offence. The work is rough, but the public seem to prefer roughness to polish and subtlety; the farcical idea is clearly there, though it might be more skillfully developed. The drugged brandy might be made the source of endless diverting situations, and the changing of the various packets of letters displays so much ingenuity on the part of the author, that we may fairly hope that in the future he may add to it the quality of neatness.

REVIEWS.

THE LAND OF HOME RULE.*

WE have very often known a man write a bad book to a good title, or fail to live up to his title's goodness. We have seldom known such an instance as Mr. Walpole's case of a man going out of his way to burden a book which is in many respects good with a title which is provocative, unnecessary, and, as we shall show shortly, hopelessly misleading and inexact. Let us, however, do justice in both senses. Had Mr. Walpole been prudent enough to abstain from affixing this catchpenny and inapplicable label to his volume, we might have welcomed it nearly, if not quite, *sans phrase*. He has almost every qualification for giving a popular account of the subject; and the subject well deserves a popular account. Among those historical oddities and antiquities which Mr. Walpole's friends are doing their best to destroy, but which hitherto have made the political aspect of England a refreshing oasis in the dreary and uniform desert of modern shoddy constitutions, the status of the Isle of Man holds one of the most prominent places, and its history, if not extraordinarily exciting, has no small attraction of a very varied kind. Though much of it is conjectural, and the sources of the rest are not very recondite, it may be doubted whether the general knowledge goes much further than *Pevensey of the Peak*, and there was, therefore, plenty of room for a popular, accurate, and sufficient, if not exhaustive, account of the subject. Mr. Walpole is a practised, if not a brilliant, writer of history; he is necessarily well acquainted with the present aspect of his domain, and he has taken sufficient, if not exhaustive, trouble to consult authorities for the rest.

He begins, of course, with the mythical ages of the island, and makes what he can of Mona and Mananan Mac Lir, of Celts and Iberians, of St. Patrick and St. Machutus. (By the way, it is odd and now unusual to cite the Trias Thaumaturga in the genitive; Mr. Walpole would surely not write "Aeneidos" now, whatever his great-grandfather might have done). Then he passes to the scarcely but somewhat less mythical period of King Orry and the Scandinavian occupation. He might have made this part a little more interesting by citing more references from the Sagas to what he calls rightly enough the position of Man as a *place d'armes* for the Vikings. He points out here and earlier the various subjections

* *The Land of Home Rule*. By Spencer Walpole. London: Longmans & Co.

of the island to English (first under Edwin of Northumbria, and then under King Edgar) and Scotch domination, and the passing of its kingdom to barons of one country or the other—the Montacutes, George of Dunbar, Scrope, Percy, Stanley. He gives as full an account of the Stanley dynasty as is possible in his space; but, though we do not often desiderate more picturesqueness in an historian, we cannot help wishing that some one of the tribe of Gibbon, or even of the tribe of Mr. Froude, had taken the pen at this part of the subject, for the situation is curious and inspiring to no small degree. Mr. Walpole, however, handles it well enough, and does full justice to the attempts of the house of Derby, absentees as they generally were, to do their duty as "Lords" (the title of King had been dropped). They appear to have been far from grasping, and, as one of them put it, to have generally looked to "what is best for them [the people] and best for me." He tells the story of Christian and the Parliamentary conquest of the island, which, as has been said, is the one episode of Manx history generally known. It was, perhaps, to be expected that he should also bestow some space on Bishop Wilson's difficulties with the civil power; and it was, of course, certain that, as a Liberal of the ardent converted type, he should be dreadfully shocked at the Bishop's attempts to restore ecclesiastical discipline. But his attitude here is somewhat wanting in historic intelligence, while it is part of the capital blunder of his title-scheme that he should a little before go out of his way to draw a clumsy and, to his own side, damaging parallel between the 1703 settlement of the Manx land question and the Devon Commission and Irish Land Acts of the present century. Gratitude is good, and if Mr. Walpole thinks Mr. Gladstone a heaven-sent statesman, we cannot prevent him. But if he will tell us what analogy there is between a landlord of his own free-will transforming leases already granted with a presumption of inheritance into "feus," or perpetual transferable tenancies at a fixed rent, and the Legislature forcing landlords to share their property with tenants-at-will, lowering the rents at the same time, we promise him a patient hearing. However, this is a digression necessitated by his own irrelevance.

Of the Athole reign, which by accident rather than intention was substituted for that of the Stanleys at the failure of the elder branch of that family, Mr. Walpole naturally has less good and less picturesque things to say. The Dukes of Athole were, of course, in an awkward position, for the mere lapse of time was rendering their lordship untenable, and the modern fiscal system could not be expected to endure the maintenance of Man as a chartered smuggling *entrepôt* within sight of English, Scotch, and Irish shores. But they seem to have made themselves much less personally popular than their predecessors in title, and their long process of driving as hard a bargain as they could for their birthright, though inevitable and pardonable, was not dignified. Of the last stage of all, when steam and the growth of the manufacturing districts have made Man a playground for Lancashire and Yorkshire, and turned a small (and not so very small) Pictolus into the pockets of the Manxmen, Mr. Walpole gives a good account, as well as of the complicated and extremely interesting institutions, ceremonies, and so forth of the island. After all which he winds up with the following peroration:—

'Whatever may be the result of autonomous institutions in other places, autonomy has made of the Manx a loyal, orderly, easily-governed community. Their virtual independence may be denounced as an anachronism; constitutional writers may succeed in demonstrating that dependent legislatures are likely either to become inconvenient or to break down; but anomalies and anachronisms, when attended with no evil consequences, have a tendency to survive; and autonomous institutions, at any rate in the Isle of Man, display an increasing capacity for work.'

Now, when a man at the present moment first calls a book *The Land of Home Rule*, and then ends it with a paragraph like that, his meaning is not easily mistaken. Let us examine it a little.

We shall not dwell much on an underlying fallacy as regards the prosperity of the island, very much resembling another which we have also amused ourselves from time to time by smashing—that the Channel Islands derive *their* prosperity from the extreme division of landed property. We shall only observe that when, as Mr. Walpole himself informs us, a community is very lightly rated and hardly taxed at all; when it has to pay no contributions for its share of Imperial protection by army and navy, and nothing towards the interest of the national debt; when the expenditure of visitors in it is so large that in a single year more than half a million of actual money has been exported from the island, its "prosperity" may be accounted for by other causes than the possession of Deemsters and a House of Keys.

But this is nothing. Let us see what, by Mr. Walpole's own

account, is the "Home Rule"—the "autonomous institutions"—which this land of Home Rule enjoys.

1. *Any Act of Parliament in which the Isle of Man is expressly mentioned extends to that island.* In practice and as a matter of courtesy the island authorities are usually consulted as to such inclusion, and often, as a matter of combined pride and prudence, an Act of Tynwald forestalls the inclusion and prevents its necessity. But this is a little bit of mixed comedy and good feeling; the right of the matter is as stated in italics.

2. Revenue and expenditure are wholly controlled by the Imperial Government. The Tynwald cannot stop supplies; it does not impose or collect what taxes there are; it does not fix or vote salaries. It may, indeed, with the sanction of the Treasury, dispose of surplus revenue, but that is all; and not only is there a final, there is also an initial, control; for no motion affecting revenue can even be brought forward in Tynwald without the Governor's preliminary permission.

3. This *bienheureux* Governor moreover tempers Home Rule in a far more extensive and all-pervading manner even than this. Not only is he no figurehead of a "responsible Ministry," but he *is* the Ministry. There is no other. He is also Speaker, and President of the High Court (to alter words, but not things). No local authority can borrow money without his formal authorization. He is head not merely in name, but in fact, of the police—a matter which is of some little importance.

4. Last, but certainly not least, the Council, the Second Chamber, which has co-ordinate authority with the House of Keys, and with it composes the Tynwald, consists of the Bishop, the Attorney-General, the Clerk of the Rolls, the two Deemsters, the Archdeacon, the Receiver-General, and the Vicar-General, every one of them a direct nominee of the Crown, except the last (who is nominated by the bishop), and a salaried official. This chamber can only sit at the summons of its President, the Governor, and from it "legislation usually emanates."

Such by Mr. Walpole's account is Home Rule in "the Land of Home Rule." We shall make no direct criticism in it further than to say that no doubt it works very well. There is no earthly reason, especially in a small, and as we have seen exceptionally favoured, community why it should not.

But what we should joy to see would be the faces of the Irish members—Parnellite, Anti-Parnellite, what you like—if Home Rule on *this* plan were offered to them in the Bill which Mr. Gladstone was going to introduce last Monday. Let us recapitulate in a form, strictly adapted to Irish facts and ideas, what it would mean.

There would be an elected Irish House of Commons, perhaps on a lower franchise than the Manx, for we shall generously not insist on that point.

But there would be a House of Lords entirely consisting of Government nominees and placemen; this House of Lords would be equipollent with the House of Commons, and it would be a matter of understanding that Bills originated in it, not in the Lower House.

There would be no Responsible Ministry.

No financial proposition could be originated except by the Viceroy or with his direct sanction.

The whole Executive, from the highest to the lowest, would be directly or indirectly under the control of London.

The constabulary would, as now, depend exclusively on the Viceroy.

No supplies could be refused.

No money could be spent without the preliminary sanction of the London Treasury through the Viceroy.

And, finally, over and above these limitations, and a general veto possessed by the Viceroy, independent of the subsequent discretion of the Queen in Council, the insertion of the words "and Ireland" in any Act of the Parliament of Westminster, though that Parliament would not contain a single Irish representative, would *ipso facto* extend the operations of the Act, all Home Rule notwithstanding, to Clare as to Cornwall, to Donegal equally with Devonshire.

As Mr. Austin Dobson sings somewhere agreeably:—

Here's a present for Rose,
How pleased she is looking!

And how pleased Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Sexton, Mr. Redmond and Mr. Harrington, would look at this kind of Home Rule!

NOVELS.*

NOVELS which begin with the story of one generation and end with the story of another are usually rather dreary productions, and *Time's Revenges* is no exception to the rule. The first two hundred pages, which tell of Tom Barton's life in Staffordshire, his marriage, and exportation for seven years to Tasmania under a wrongful charge of attempted murder, are fairly well told and tolerably interesting. But from the moment that he becomes a free man, and discovers that he has enough cinnabar existing on the "lot" he has bought to bring in an income of 60,000*l.* a year, the tale grows conventional and wearisome. We all know so well the heroic parents who send their child away in order to keep him ignorant of their existence, and of the stain on his name. We are all so well aware that he will ultimately turn up in his father's house, whether it is situated in the High Street of Lassa or in the forests of the Amazon, and we should likewise be bitterly surprised and disappointed if the young man failed in his duty, and fell in love with a young lady who was not the daughter of his parents' old enemy. But the reader of *Time's Revenges* need have no fears of what may be awaiting him. Everybody acts precisely as might be expected, and even the Continental villain, with his German accent conscientiously reproduced, is present to play his part. The only point in which this gentleman differs from the other German villains who are our dear old friends is that their Countships are assumed, and his is a real one. The events of the tale pass in Sydney, where all the *dramatis persone* are gathered together—Tom Barton and his wife Mary; their son, known as Michael Hawthorne, who has come out in the same ship with General Mallard (the hereditary enemy) and his daughter Clara; the criminal lawyer, Denton, a marvel of acuteness according to the author; and the three villains—Count von Herder, Whateley, a forger, and a drunken little person called Dogdyke. It is this last-named personage who defeats the schemes of the other two by the action of his "dead hand," for Herder has murdered him to prevent his telling any tales. The two later volumes drag dreadfully, and there are a good many examples of careless writing and story-telling. Why, for instance, when such a point is made of Mary Duffield's faith in Tom Barton's innocence that, in spite of her mistress's remonstrances, she insists on marrying him before he stands his trial for Mallard's attempted murder, and follows him out to Tasmania when his year of prison in England is over, why should the author say, in vol. ii. p. 65, that the marriage took place in Tasmania, on the recommendation of the prison chaplain when Barton had been confined for three years, and afterwards hark back two or three times to the original statement? Then, it seems hardly likely that an accomplished villain like Herder would, when flying for his life, allow his vanity so far to get the better of him that he could not make up his mind to part from the very strange and gaudy clothes that he was in the habit of wearing. Further, Mr. Christie Murray should be aware that it is not the custom of members of the Athenæum to put D.C.L. or any other letters on their visiting cards, as Mr. Deutch does (vol. i. p. 213), and that in English the words "riding" and "driving" are not interchangeable (vol. ii. p. 94). The style of the book is clumsy, and the grammar not altogether above reproach. "He was a susceptible wretch, was the Count," is not a classical sentence, and in general the passive verb to be silent is conjugated with "to be" and not "to go." As for style, a remark on p. 3, vol. i., may be taken as a fair sample of the rest:—"For a man to be a county gentleman it seemed in some sort necessary to Mr. Mallard to be in a kind of superbly disdainful opposition to the common people." It is a pity that Mr. Christie Murray should have produced a book so very inferior to those by which he long ago made his reputation.

The Master of St. Benedict's, who lends his name to Mr. St. Aubyn's story, has less than nothing to do with it, if we except the somewhat important fact that it is only his presence at Cambridge that brings and binds all the characters together. The Master was an old, old man, eighty-four at least, and he was past sixty when he was made head of St. Benedict's, and married the woman who had been waiting for him for forty years. Mr. St. Aubyn, however, does not make it clear to his readers why the wedding did not take place a little sooner, as the Master, originally a poor

country boy, had been rich enough to do a great deal for his family. "He had educated the younger branches and provided for the declining years of the elder. He had kept his two maiden sisters in comfort and affluence. He had paid the mortgage off the farm, and passed it over to his elder brother. He had taken that brother's grandson, and given him an education at his own University, and in due time had arranged for him to be presented to a College living." Surely a College living must have become vacant at some period during these forty years, which would have enabled the Master himself to marry? However, he did not take it, or we should have heard nothing of his great-great-niece, Lucy Rae's, love affairs, which are the interest of the novel. Lucy, in common with the rest of the characters, is very well drawn. She is a pretty little thing of a very usual type—a girl with a certain amount of brain, but of a shallow, timid character. When her father dies, she goes to live at the Lodge, and then prevails on her relations to send her to Newnham, to fit herself for a teacher. She is only a short time at the Lodge, but it is long enough to seduce the affections of the very Senior Tutor from her middle-aged cousin Mary, and to prompt him to offer help to enable Lucy to pass the coming "Previous"—if the expression is allowable. It is on the occasion of her first visit to the Tutor's rooms that Lucy becomes the reluctant participator in the secret of the most popular man in College, and prospective Senior Wrangler, who has tried to cut his throat in a fit of delirium tremens, and is nursed by a friend on the same staircase, Eric Gwatkin. It is this sick man, Wyatt Edgell (is Mr. St. Aubyn aware that there is an existing family bearing these two names?), who first gains Lucy's affections, and induces her to meet him in Newnham Lane, unknown to her relations or any of the authorities. The girl's weak soul is flattered by his protestations and by her undoubted influence over him, but when, in the hour of his scholastic triumphs, he falls again, and begs her through his friend Gwatkin to give him one more chance, her spirit quails at the thought of the life that lies before her, and she declines to listen to any of his prayers. For this she is severely blamed by two of her Newnham friends, one of whom, a self-contained Agnostic young woman, and Gwatkin's sister, is deeply in love with him; but those who were older and knew more of the world would have felt Lucy was right, even though Edgell died by his own hand a short time after. Many women would have acted like Lucy, but they, in spite of their reason, would have felt the burden of their decision lie heavy on their hearts. She, however, is of such stuff as dreams are made of, and for a little allows herself to be consoled by the affection of the Senior Tutor—by this time master of the Lodge—and in choosing hangings for her drawing-room. She does not marry the Senior Tutor after all, but yet a third person, and we are given to understand that she forswears all her small vanities and ambitions, and settles down contentedly into a life of poverty. But this we doubt. Mr. St. Aubyn has a considerable power of description, and also of drawing character. The queer, hybrid kind of existence of the Newnham students is touched in with a good deal of humour, and there are many gleams of pathos in the affection between the old couple at the Lodge, whose days close in almost simultaneously. But Mr. St. Aubyn must chasten his style considerably before he becomes a really good novelist. He has an irritating trick of saying "Oh, such a" . . . "Oh, so many," that sounds both gushing and silly, and his construction is often very awkward. For example, in vol. ii. p. 29, he says:—"There would be a good many girls do well at Newnham this term." "I noticed that he read lovely," remarks Miss Rae, the Newnham student; and on vol. i. p. 14 he falls into the common mistake of using the word "like" instead of "as." But the book has good stuff in it, and, unlike many of his class, the author knows what he is writing about.

Like the Master of St. Benedict's, the horse-dealer who gives his name to Mrs. Jocelyn's story has very little to do with it. (By the way, writers should never prefix the word "only" to their titles, it gives an impression of weakness.) The real pivot on which the whole novel turns is the horse-dealer's sister, Elizabeth Bevan—a pleasant, capable, and possible young woman who is the prop of her household and the joy of all who know her. Throughout the book Mrs. Jocelyn is very successful in her portraits, and it is to her credit that she does not inflict too much horse conversation on her readers. But the mystery of the haunted house is foolish and inadequate beyond belief, and is a terrible blot on the novel. Is it credible that a lady's maid should take the trouble—and the risk—of always perambulating at night through a house inhabited by a lot of active young people in order that she might succeed in frightening their aunt—her mistress—back to her old quarters, and that therefore the maid might once more be able to watch her lover, the butler, of whom she was jealous? Such a tale is too puerile, even for the

* *Time's Revenges*. By David Christie Murray. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

The Master of Benedict's. By Alan St. Aubyn. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

Only a Horse Dealer. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. 3 vols. London: White & Co.

Rosamund's Story. By Ina Garvey. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

The Romance of a Schoolmaster. Translated from the Italian of Edmond de Amicis by Mary Craig. 3 vols. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.

pages of the lightest novel. Style is, in this case also, the rock on which Mrs. Jocelyn splits. Such expressions as "she was a host in herself, was Elizabeth," occur for ever and ever. Awkward sentences are frequently to be met with, but with a little care these defects can easily be remedied, and there is enough good material in Mrs. Jocelyn's novel to render their correction eminently worth her while.

Rosamund's Story is a very naïve production, and it is not unworthy of notice that, while on the covers Miss Garvey spells her heroine's name with a *u*, inside it is invariably written with an *o*. It is the old tale of a beautiful and clever lower-middle-class girl, with ambitions beyond her position; but, unlike most of her fellows, Rosamond Harding manages to realize her dreams, by marrying a widowed earl with one son after the death of her husband, a city clerk. From the moment we hear that Lord St. Neots (the most hopelessly conventional snob that ever was placed before the subscribers to a circulating library) has a son, and that Rosamond has a daughter, we know that, in spite of the child having been lost sight of by her mother from the age of a few months, the two are destined to fall in love with each other. This eventually takes place, and owing to the intervention of Lady St. Neots, who has no idea of her relationship to the girl, the most tragic results ensue.

The works of Signor Esmondo de Amicis are written in excellent Italian, and are very improving to the student of that tongue; but they are not very amusing as stories, and in general have rather a contemplative than narrative character. *The Romance of a Schoolmaster* is a long book in three volumes, containing absolutely exhaustive descriptions of the life and actions of a young village schoolmaster among the outlying districts of North Italy. Every syndic and assessor, every child and every teacher, is drawn at full length, and the method pursued in each different case is given in detail. It is possible that the book may be useful to some member of our Educational Board who is anxious to compare the systems of England and Italy. The very headings of the chapters tell their own tale:—"The Inspector's Visit," "New Colleagues," "The Prize Fury," "Syndic and Rector," "The Pitched Battle," "A New Inspector," "The Programme of the Syndic," "Obligatory Instruction," "An Agreeable Inspector," "A Hygienic Inspector," and many more. As a rule, Miss Craig has done her translation very well. It might, however, be better if she were sometimes to break the long Italian sentences up into short English ones, for the sake of the sense, which is not easy to grasp in such paragraphs as the following:—"In those thirty endless days following his father's death, when the hours of daylight had been spent in mounting and descending other people's stairs, holding his orphan brothers by the hand, with them the agonizing alternatives of hope and fear attending such a life of solicitation and uncertainty, ending in the long evenings spent beside the bedside of his dying mother, always holding those desolate children in his arms, entreating them not to cry too loudly, there had grown for them in his soul an immense love and pity which preyed upon his very being." Now this sentence, and several others like it, is not only ugly and unintelligible in itself, but it has one of the gravest faults that a translation can have—namely, that every one knows at a glance that it was originally written in another language. Let Miss Craig beware of such pitfalls if ever she translates another book.

LORD SHERBROOKE.*

THE late Lord Sherbrooke was one of those personages whose lives, if the apparent paradox may be permitted, derive an enhanced interest from having long been, and suddenly again becoming, uninteresting. This element of attraction in a man's biography did not—nothing of the kind ever did—escape Carlyle; and he singles it out for notice in the picturesque touch with which he dismisses Dumouriez from the scene of the French Revolution. There was in Robert Lowe not a little of the "Heaven's Swiss, wanting only work"—fighting work—to do, and at last finding it; but it is, of course, needless to say that neither was his early obscurity so profound, nor his fame so far-reaching, nor his final eclipse so complete, as that of the French soldier who, after "fifty years of unnoticed toil and valour," followed by one year of "toil and valour not unnoticed, but seen of all countries and centuries," passed once more into the shadow which was to enshroud the last thirty years of his life. Yet Mr. Lowe's career as Oxford tutor and Australian politician—and, for that matter, the first fifteen years of his Parliamentary life in this country—had left him a comparatively undistinguished figure;

the speeches which won him fame as an orator were all delivered in the course of the two years following; and though eclipse, of course, can hardly be said to have yet begun for a statesman who had still to pass through a six years' term of high Ministerial office, Mr. Lowe's reputation from and after the general election of 1868 may be described with substantial accuracy as having entered its penumbra. His speech on the second reading of the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill—perhaps the most ambitious effort of his post-Reform days—was not comparable with the best of his speeches in '66 and '67. His Budgets were introduced with little more of oratorical charm than they were framed with financial skill, and he contributed hardly anything of special merit to occasional debate. His great powers of satirical epigram were hardly exercised during all these years except in replies to Parliamentary questions, or in faithful dealing with deputations—a mode of employing this gift which diminished his popularity without adding to his fame. In 1880 he was raised to the peerage, and sank, partly through estrangement from his leader and former colleagues, but in far greater measure from declining powers, into almost absolute political unimportance.

The earlier and less-known period of a life so singular as this may well provoke curiosity, and in the volume before us Mr. J. F. Hogan has done not a little to gratify it. Australian politics do not furnish forth particularly lively reading in themselves; and though the story of Mr. Lowe's political career in New South Wales is enlivened by at least one incident of the highest piquancy—for many a middle-aged Englishman of to-day must feel that he would willingly have made the journey to the Antipodes to be rewarded by the sight of the future denunciator of Democracy haranguing an incensed Sydney mob in a violently anti-Imperial sense from the top of an omnibus—yet, as a whole, the doings of the clever, cantankerous, and not too consistent colonial politician who was to die Lord Sherbrooke are of rather remote interest to us of these days. Indeed, even in England, and at the moment, his sayings were always more interesting than his doings—especially after his performances in office had given the measure of his capacities as a practical politician and administrator; and Mr. Hogan must therefore expect the bulk of his readers, in the mother-country at any rate, to be more desirous of studying his specimens of Mr. Lowe's colonial eloquence than his criticisms of his hero's statesmanship. It is impossible to excite oneself keenly over the tergiversations of a member of the Sydney Legislative Council on the "squatter question"; but one is naturally curious to know whether the impassioned orator of the Sixties was born or made, or rather (since the peculiar style of his oratory clearly negatives the former hypothesis), how much and what kind of making he had. On this point the Australian speeches are by no means uninteresting. It is pretty evident that the elaborate preparation which was so plainly—indeed, something too plainly—visible in his most famous oratorical efforts in this country was a practice of long standing with him. We can, moreover, trace its salutary effects in a comparison between his Australian and English styles. The following passage, for instance, shows us the Mr. Lowe of the Reform speeches, perhaps—but with a difference; "the same and not the same," like Lord Tennyson's hero:—

'You may endow the squatters' demand for leases and fixity of tenure with the romantic and the picturesque. You may gild the stern reality with the warm colours of social virtue and domestic happiness. You may dilate on those wild and barren lands being cheered by the smiles of women and the prattle of children. You may contemplate in your visions the heaven-directed spire rising to spread holiness and devotion where all now is profanity and impiety. You may dwell eloquently on all these pleasing anticipations; but I tell you that, if this measure is to be the means of their attainment, your hopes are a mockery and a delusion. I myself have rather a *penchant* for the smiles of women, and even for the prattle of children in its proper place. I would gladly see the heaven-directed spire arise, and, above all, I would wish to see the school-house standing in every district, pouring into the untaught minds of those dwellers in the solitude that enlightenment which could alone make them good and great in the scale of the human race. But &c.'

And so on to the peroration, which began in this wise:—

'If this gross scheme be consummated, let those who will remain in the colony, but thereafter it will be no home for me. No! those who can grovel in such abject dependence may remain in Australia to enjoy their glorious country, their golden skies, and their climate breathing health. But I will remain no more. I will return to my native country, who, albeit her skies are dark and her climate rude, still possesses for me the one pearl of great price—the noble fruit of the tree of constitutional liberty.'

It is a little in the "Turkey-carpet" style, and the depth of its

* Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke. By J. F. Hogan, Author of "The Irish in Australia" &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1893.

earnestness is measured by the fact that, though the policy Mr. Lowe then thundered against prevailed, he did not quit the colony until three years afterwards, and then only after acquiring what were destined to become extremely profitable investments in the despised country upon which he was turning his back. It was as unlike as possible to Caius Gracchus's departure from the world in Mirabeau's famous rhetorical flight. He did not "cast dust into the air" when he "called on the avenging deities"; on the contrary, he carried away with him, figuratively speaking, considerable and very valuable portions of the soil. He called on the avenging deities and put his money into "corner lots."

Perhaps the only point of anything like rival interest to that of Mr. Lowe's speeches considered from the literary point of view, is that of the temporary effect produced by them on the Imperial Parliament and on the educated community at large. How great this effect was at the time can, perhaps, only be realized by those old enough to have been personal witnesses of it. In these days, and under the new conditions created by the measures which the orator so eloquently resisted, the recurrence of such an incident is probably impossible. It was a much smaller public, and one among whom the tradition of the older Parliamentary oratory still survived, that Mr. Lowe had to appeal to, and he certainly took it by storm. His triumph outside the House was even more striking and complete than his success within; which, indeed, considering his singular defects of voice, manner, and delivery, it was a marvel to have achieved at all. No doubt it was due in large measure to collateral causes—to the moral interest of the spectacle always presented by the sight of passionate beliefs finding expression in words whose carefully-ordered form and measure do not hide the fierce ardours of emotion underneath them. Mr. Lowe was, at any rate, held to believe with passion in the middle-class régime of the day, and to detest and fear the proletarian democracy. Perhaps he did; but if so, it can only have been as the teetotaller detests and dreads the stimulants in which he was wont to indulge to excess. For the orator of the attacks on the Reform Bill of 1866 was also the utterer of the following words:—"Anything short of universal suffrage was an injustice to the people taxed. Anything short of extending the franchise to every man of sane mind and uncontaminated by crime was an injustice to the people." This particular bout of rhetorical inebriety was, it is true, an Australian incident, and of much older date; but the mere remorseful recollection of it might well keep a convert to Conservatism supplied with anti-democratic fervour for the rest of his life.

FRENCH BOOK-PLATES.*

THE book-plate, as a personal token of love for, and pride of possession in, books, undoubtedly had its origin in Germany. It was, however, reserved to the French to discover an interest in book-plates considered collectively and apart from the books they are intended to grace, to invest the choicest specimens with some definite perfume of virtue in the nostrils of the connoisseur, and to erect the study of symbolic proprietary labels, ancient and modern, into a minor, though distinct, department of bibliography.

Although it was in England apparently that occurred the first literary allusions to the beauty and the other interests discoverable in ancient book-plates (in the *Gentleman's Magazine* and a few other periodicals), it would seem that the first work in book form, *ouvrage de fond*, ever devoted to an artistic and historical account of these library-marks was that published in France, now some twenty years ago, by M. Poulet-Malassis, under the title *Les Ex-libris Français, depuis leur origine jusqu'à nos jours*. This was a handsome and, on the whole, very readable work, although conceived on the very driest plan, to all appearance only a few degrees removed from that of a critical catalogue. It awakened attention to its subject, not only in France, but also in England and in Germany, with the happy result for the collector that four books of importance treating of book-plates were, within the next fifteen years, undertaken and published by men of literary standing. The first to appear was Lord de Tabley's (then the Hon. J. Leicester Warren's) well-known *Guide*, in 1880. Next came Herr Warnecke's *Die Deutschen Bücherzeichen*, ten years later; to be followed by a very brilliant essay on the subject at large from the pen of no less a "bibliognoste" than M. Bouchot of the Bibliothèque Nationale. There was also issued at Stockholm a thick and copiously illustrated volume of Swedish Ex-libris by one Carlander. All this, not to mention some English works of later date, would tend to show that the

interest first stirred up by M. Poulet-Malassis, albeit his work was strictly limited to national instances, has by no means lapsed again. The lead, however, in this "study" is now seemingly taken by England, or rather by English-speaking people—for the modern American can be a very keen Ex-librist. It was reserved for England in general to form an Ex-libris Society, which is gradually assuming an international character, and propagates the widest reaching information on its chosen subject, and in particular for its Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Walter Hamilton, to bring forth the most complete account of French Ex-libris extant.

We had occasion some time since to notice a book by Mr. Egerton Castle devoted to a history of the English Bookplate, which formed the first of a new series of special works on certain by-ways of book-lore. Mr. Hamilton's monograph is the second volume of this series, but is of lesser dimensions and conceived on a somewhat different plan. As those who are already collectors well know, French library marks are by no means so easily classed in "styles," and have at all times been less influenced by prevalent decorative fashions or mannerisms than their English contemporaries. On this account the writer has apparently found it difficult (although we may hold it by no means impossible) to preserve a strictly chronological or historical order throughout his volume. Moreover, he was, no doubt, influenced in his manner of viewing his subject by the naturally much studied French works extant, all of which dwell with much more complacency on the individual interests of sundry well-known plates than on their broad and relative characteristics and on the general criteria which such characteristics may be made to determine. After a short introduction, Mr. Hamilton devotes some chapters to the methods of classification and identification, and to the peculiarities of French heraldry, and then some fifty pages to an historical account of the best-known French plates, their owners and engravers. This is divided into six periods; the first covers the threescore years from 1574, that of the first undeniable French Ex-libris known (a date remarkable also as that borne likewise by the oldest authenticated English plate) to the epoch, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, when the modern rendering of tinctures by means of dots and lines first came into general practice. This is, of course, a very proper division, given the fact that the immense majority of ancient plates is purely armorial.

The second period ranges from about 1650 to the beginning of the eighteenth century, a short span, but more prolific in book-tokens; the third comprises the first eighty-nine years of the century, *l'âge de la vignette* with all its delicious *rocaille* and Pompadour elegancies; the fourth deals, of course, with the Revolutionary period, ugly and barren in so far as books are concerned; in the fifth the reader is introduced to the "re-organized," and, in consequence, intensely ridiculous blazonry of the First Empire. In the last, the modern Ex-libris, uncomfortable and *guindé* in its heraldic pretension, or else aggressively democratic, is briefly discoursed upon, not without critical severity.

Considering the special character of Mr. Hamilton's book, this historical survey is too much curtailed and hurried. For no very plausible reason, but rather in a manner suggesting the previous existence of ready-written and available special essays on his favourite objects of study, the author ascribes distinct chapters to the "Frontier Provinces," and to "Ecclesiastical" Ex-libris. In the same manner, the remainder of the book is devoted to separate accounts of the "Book-plates of some Famous Men," of "Canting Arms," and, under a somewhat affected heading, of the "Possessive Case," an arrangement which necessitates frequent harking back to periods in the history of French Ex-libris, already dealt with and supposed to have been duly examined. This is an unmethodical plan which cannot fail to strike both the critical reader and the would-be Ex-librist eager for knowledge as a serious defect in the construction of a book otherwise full of interesting information.

Concerning the examples illustrating this handsomely set forth volume, they are not only numerous (a paramount quality in a handbook of this kind), more numerous, indeed, than all those that can be found in all the French books extant on the subject, but in many cases very beautiful. Among these must specially be mentioned the frontispiece, *Michaëli Begon et Amicis*, the Ex-libris of *Alexandre Petas*, the library marks of Madame Du Barry (the singular appellation, Comtesse de Dubarry, which occurs in the text, it must be admitted, is a rather severe slip for a French specialist) and that of M. de Joubert. It is, however, regrettable that the author should, on the one hand, have wasted some valuable illustrative power by reproducing among his pages several specimens of the same class of design, although of different sizes, the well-known plates of André Félibien and of Daniel Huet for instance; and on the other hand by giving, out of a

* *French Book-plates*. A Handbook for Ex-Libris Collectors. By Walter Hamilton, Hon. Treasurer of the Ex-Libris Society. London: George Bell & Sons.

hundred examples, no less than half a score devices already published in Poulet-Malassie's work. Nevertheless the book is a distinctly valuable addition to the literature of its subject. Among the public that is curious of *ex-libriis* Mr. Hamilton is widely known as a wealthy and assiduous collector, an expert and a specialist. His volume, on which the publishers have evidently and with due success bestowed much care, is quite certain to find a ready and expectant public.

SOME BOOKS ON CELTIC LITERATURE.*

THE Book of Lismore, from which Dr. Whitley Stokes has published the Lives of Saints contained in the volume before us, is a fifteenth-century MS. belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which was discovered in Lismore Castle, co. Waterford, in the year 1814 by some workmen who were engaged in repairing the Castle. Like so many of the greater Irish MSS., *The Book of Leinster*, *The Book of Ballymote*, &c., it is a very composite volume made up of very disparate elements, legal, historical, mythical, romantic, with a preponderance, however, of the ecclesiastical and hagiographical.

From this volume Dr. Stokes has selected nine Lives of Saints and one or two other ecclesiastical pieces; to these he has appended a translation and notes, four useful indices in addition to a glossary of the less common words occurring in the texts, while the whole is prefaced by a perhaps too lengthy Introduction of a hundred and twenty pages. Of this Introduction the most valuable part is unquestionably the first, which gives a full description of the MS., together with an exhaustive catalogue of its contents, and an indication of other MSS. in which copies of some of the articles are to be found. This is of the greatest utility, as the MS. being in private possession is comparatively little known, though copies of parts of it made by O'Longan and O'Curry are in the Royal Irish Academy. The remaining sections of the Introduction are on the Language and Contents of the Lives. As to the former, we are inclined to doubt whether the language of a comparatively late MS. like the Book of Lismore is worth all the powder and shot which Dr. Stokes has expended on it. The remedy for this is, however, in the reader's own hands. For some of the Lives Dr. Stokes has collated other MSS. at Brussels and at Paris; and various readings are occasionally given from them. These, by a very inconvenient arrangement, are, as a rule, placed under the translation, instead of under the text, as should certainly be the case.

It would, of course, be impossible in the limits of an article like the present to discuss the various literary, historical, and ecclesiastical problems arising out of these Lives. We shall rather select a few points of incidental interest contained in them, and add some criticisms on the way in which Dr. Stokes has performed this task.

Of literary merit the Lives do not possess very much. They are of the ordinary stuff of Irish hagiography. There is, however, a fine scene in the Life of Brigit, which must have, one would think, some historical foundation. Brigit went to Ailill MacDunlaing, King of Leinster, to demand the restitution of a certain sword and the freedom of a slave. "In return for what shall I give it thee?" said the king (on the principle, no doubt, of "nothing for nothing here, and very little for sixpence"). Eminent offspring to thee," said Brigit, "and kingship to thy sons, and heaven to thyself." Said the king: "The kingdom of heaven, as I see it not, so I seek it not; kingship for my sons, seeing I am alive on earth, I seek not either; for each must work his own time. But give me length of life in kingship, and victory over Conn's Half [i.e. the North of Ireland], for there is often war between us." The splendid materialism of the heathen monarch fills one with a sort of disrespectful admiration. It is satisfactory to know that he got his wish, such as it was, and won his battles "through the blessing of Brigit." After his death "the Leinstermen took his body to battle, and the enemy broke at once before them" (p. 46). There is a pretty picture, too, in the Life of Senan. A child falls over the cliff. "Bishop Setna went to seek the child, and found him in his cradle [literally, *trough*]; the article may well have served both purposes in primitive society, playing with the waves; and the waves would come towards him and laugh around him, and he would laugh at the waves, and put his palm on the foam of the

waves, and lick it as if it had been the foam of new milk" (p. 65).

Of folk-lore many interesting illustrations are to be found. Thus we find a woman holding a stake of rowan in her hand to assist her in the pains of childbirth (p. 57); a hazel stake used for finding water (p. 71); a miraculous sword (to which Dr. Stokes says that he has found no parallel) in the presence of which no one can die (p. 27); while on p. 103 we have a case of ocular delusion or glamour, such as occurs in some of the Icelandic Sagas, and is called "sjón-hverfing," or sight-shifting. Brenann saves a man who is being pursued by his enemies by causing them to attack a stone pillar under the delusion that they are killing their victim, while the latter takes in their eyes the aspect of the stone. A passage quoted in the Introduction (p. xxviii), from a different part of the MS., shows clearly that the *airbe druad*, or Druid's fence, which we meet with in other places, was a magic mist called up by enchantments.

Of primitive institutions we have several interesting illustrations in these Lives. Sir Henry Maine, in his book on Early Institutions, showed that in ancient Ireland the relation of dependence was created, not, as in the feudal system, by the grant and reception of land, but by the giving and accepting of stock. Of this there is a good instance in the Life of Senan (p. 63). Senan had declared that he would not be tributary to any earthly king. Lugaid Cíchech (literally, "Lugaid with the paps," a curious name, which probably has some mythological significance if we could only trace it) was furious at this. "Take my racehorse [or prize-horse, literally horse of victory] to the cleric, and let him be fed on corn there." Here the object clearly is to force Senan to acknowledge his dependence on Lugaid by accepting "stock" from him. The horse came to a bad end, and his master would have had a worse one had he not repented and submitted. (The freedom with which these Irish saints bestow their curses and distribute damnation is a little surprising in such holy persons.) Other points of interest are—the sale of children by their parents in hard times (p. 56), the sale of a pregnant bondswoman with reservation of the right of property in her infant when born (p. 36), and the right of a wife in certain cases to divorce herself and carry off her dowry with her (p. 35). In the Life of Senan we find a kind of ordeal. A criminal is placed on a rock: "that God may give judgment upon him. The sea did not come within a crozier's length of him. 'Go,' said Senan, 'and take him from the rock, for I see that his Judge is merciful to him'" (p. 65). Actual execution by drowning is mentioned on p. 69. Two other points seem to show traces of Scandinavian influence. The first is the "nose tax" (i.e. poll-tax) spoken of on p. 97, the name of which, at any rate, is taken from the Icelandic "nægildi"; while both in Irish and Icelandic sources the same absurd legend is given to account for the name, viz. that failure to pay the tax was punished by the loss of the defaulter's nose. The other point is found in the same Life, that of Finnchua, and is the institution known in Icelandic as "self-doom," "sjálf-dæmi," in Irish "own judgment," a *breth fein*, which means the allowing a party to a suit or bargain to name his own terms (pp. 86, 93-4). This Life also contains several references to foreign pirates, *dibereacig* (a term on which Professor Zimmer has written much lately), so that evidently this Life must have been composed under the influence of the Scandinavian invasions.

Of ecclesiastical matters there are fewer illustrations than might have been expected. We have examples of the foot-washing, which is spoken of, not only under the name of *ósac* (which, as we showed in a former article, is a name borrowed from the Latin *obsequium*), but also under the name of *umaloit*, which is the Latin *humilitas* (pp. 43, 48). This specific meaning of the latter word has escaped Dr. Stokes, who has also failed to see that *fos*, in line 1440, should obviously be *fósac* = *ósac*. The asceticism of the early Irish Church receives some rather horrible illustrations (pp. 32, 81, 88, 133, 304), while its peculiar constitution, based upon the conventual and not on the diocesan system, is shown in the fact that the primacy of Britain is spoken of as "the abbacy of the isle of Britain" (p. 75), just as in Irish writings the Popes are frequently called abbots of Rome.

We pass to the less gracious task of correcting some of Dr. Stokes's mistakes, and we shall confine ourselves to those cases where the point at issue is of some general interest. Thus on p. 87 Finnchua comes to settle in Fermoy, but is ill received, "gerrtur a n-idille 7 buailter a n-eghairda." This Dr. Stokes translates "their herds are diminished and their shepherds beaten." But *gerrtur* means "to cut," and the real sense of the passage is, "their cattle are mutilated," &c. This is interesting as showing that the Irish habit of maiming the cattle of unpopular settlers is the ingrained growth of many centuries. Later in the same life (p. 93) three pupils of Finnchua go to him to intercede for the Ultonians, who had incurred his wrath by invading Munster, contrary to his prohibition. Their intercession was successful

* *Lives of Saints from the Book of Lismore*. Edited by Whitley Stokes, D.C.L. Oxford: Clarendon Press. (Anecdota Oxoniensia.)

Aislinge Meic Conglinne: the Vision of Mac Conglinne, a Middle-Irish Wonder-Tale. Edited by Kuno Meyer, with an Introduction by Wilhelm Wollner. London: David Nutt.

Ultonian Hero-Ballads, collected in the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland from 1516 to 1870. Arranged and Translated by Hector Macdonald, M.A.L., under the auspices of the Islay Association. Glasgow: Archibald Sinclair.

"Tairisid aigned . . . co n-dechatar da einch imlan uadha." Dr. Stokes translates this, "His nature stays . . . and they went from his presence unharmed." It really means, "His wrath abates . . . and two full honour-prices went from them, i.e. to him." That is to say, Finnhua received a twofold compensation for the outrage done to his honour by the violation of his prohibition. Sometimes, it seems to us, Dr. Stokes goes wrong by not attending sufficiently to the context of the passages which he is translating. Instances of this will be found by any one who cares to look for them on pp. 205, 207, 269, 277, 287. It would take us too long and be unsuitable to this journal to discuss the passages in detail. In other cases Dr. Stokes fails to grasp the exact meaning of technical terms, such as *aldn*, "restitution," which he construes "guarantee." Lastly, he shows himself somewhat insensible to the flexibility of language and the way in which the same words take different shades of meaning according to the context. We will give one instance of this. *Benim* means "to strike," and the verbal noun *beim* means "a stroke." But when applied to taxation, &c., *benim* means "to exact," and consequently *beim*, the noun, takes the sense of "exaction." On p. 95, Mothla, King of Kerry says to Finnhua: "Ben do beim cisa orainn, &c."—"exact the exaction of tribute from us"—i.e. exact what you like from us. But Dr. Stokes cannot get beyond "strike" and "stroke"—and translates "strike thy stroke of tribute upon us"; which is hardly intelligible. Still, in spite of some drawbacks, the work before us is one of great industry and learning, and of very real interest and importance.

The next book on our list is of a very different character as to its contents. It is an edition by Dr. Kuno Meyer of the curious Middle-Irish tale called *The Vision of Mac Conglinne*, edited from the only two known MS., one being the famous "Lebar Brecc" or "Speckled Book" in the Royal Irish Academy, of which a facsimile has been published by that body; the other a MS. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, of which the pressmark is H. 3. 18. The second MS. is considerably later than the first, but the version of the story which it contains is very much briefer, and probably represents an earlier recension. The *Lebar Brecc*, as some of our readers know, is a fifteenth-century MS. consisting almost entirely of ecclesiastical matter, Lives and Passions of Saints, homilies, religious poems, &c. It is a curious problem how the present tale came to be embodied in such a collection, for it consists very largely of a bitter satire on the clergy, especially the monks, combined with Rabelaisian parodies of very sacred things.

In the introduction contributed by Professor Wollner of Leipsic some very interesting parallels to the matter contained in this tale are gathered together from other sources. An attempt is also made, from the point of view of the "higher criticism," to determine the mutual relations of the two versions of the story. For our own part, we doubt whether this can ever be done with success, unless other copies of the tale representing intermediate recensions should be brought to light. We think, also, that Professor Wollner takes the construction of the tale a little too seriously, and is a little too anxious to find discrepancies and different sources, &c. The main outline of the story is clear enough, and is briefly as follows:—Cathal Mac Finnguin, King of Munster, is afflicted by a demon of voracity, which had been conveyed into his body by some apples sent him by his lady-love, on which the brother of the lady, who disapproved of the connexion ("The course of true love never did run smooth"), had caused a spell to be put. The voracity thus engendered was the terror of all who had, according to primitive custom (cf. e.g. the Anglo-Saxon "*feorm-fultum*"), to entertain the king; and threatened to exhaust not only Munster but the whole of Ireland. The predestined agent of Cathal's cure is Mac Conglinne, a student of Roscommon, who, tired of book-work, sets out for the Court of Cathal, where he hears that much eating is going forward. On his way he stops at the monastery of Cork, where he is shamefully entertained; his bed is full of lice and fleas, no one offers to wash his feet (here our old friends *ósnaic* and *umaloit* come in again, though Dr. Meyer, like Dr. Stokes, has missed the special significance of the latter word), the only water which he finds to wash with had already been used (*aité-indlat*, literally "second washing," a word which Dr. Meyer mistranslates), while the provisions given him are of the scantiest. This brings on a quarrel with the monks, which enables the author to vent his spleen upon them and their order. The abbot (whose pedigree, in parody of the long pedigrees in the chronicles and tales, is traced up through "mead son of wine, son of flesh, son of ale," &c., to "Abel son of Adam") condemns him to be hanged (not crucified, as Dr. Meyer translates it, though the word, like the Anglo-Saxon "*on rōde áhón*," has both meanings); but he is respited because it has been revealed to the abbot that he is the destined deliverer of Cathal.

When he reaches Cathal he first of all tricks the king into promising him, under pledges, that he should fast with him that night (though the king offers the whole of Munster to be released from this unwelcome condition); he then makes elaborate cooking preparations, and devours the products of his skill himself, passing each morsel close under Cathal's nose, while he plies him with stories of pretended visions and experiences, which all have to do with a fabulous land of plenty, almost like the state of things set forth in the nursery rhyme, where "all the world was apple-pie . . . and all the trees were bread and cheese." No doubt these stories are not always quite consistent, and no doubt they embody to a considerable extent materials derived from earlier sources. But the object of all is the same—namely, to excite still further the demon of voracity in Cathal, who is already maddened by fasting, by the recitation of fabulous lists of dainties (cp. especially p. 100). Ultimately the poor devil can stand it no longer, and as Mac Conglinne is passing one of his morsels under Cathal's nose, the demon springs out of Cathal's mouth, seizes the morsel, and rushes with it to the other side of the room. Mac Conglinne, with great promptness, overturns a cauldron upon him, the house is set fire to, and the demon ("the unworshipful monk," as he is called with a parting hit at the monastic orders) flies off to join "the convent of hell." One or two incidental points of interest may be noticed—the heating of water by means of hot stones (p. 11 and note; cp. also the Book of Ballymote, 262a, 56); the mention of Welsh horses (p. 45); and Saxon, i.e. English, salt. Another curious thing, which comes out in many Irish tales, is the way in which the dread of satire enabled a famous satirist to extort almost any terms he pleased (p. 9).

We are glad to notice a very great improvement in Dr. Meyer's work since we reviewed his edition of *The Battle of Ventry* some time ago. Still, there are points which need correction. One or two of these we have spoken of already. On p. 47 occurs this sentence:—"Nicondam . . . fria lethéill a bróci do bein de," which is translated "He did not let the thong of his shoe be hallooed." It really means "He did not let one of his shoe-thongs be loosed"; *leth*, "half," in composition constantly meaning "one of a pair." Thus *leth-assa* means a single shoe, &c. On p. 87 Dr. Meyer has failed to see that the word *bulbing* is the Icelandic "*bulungr*" (pronounced *buðlungr*), "a pile of logs, firewood," a sense which suits the passage perfectly. Nor is Dr. Meyer quite correct when he says (p. ix.):—"In the Glossary I have collected all words not found in Windisch's *Wörterbuch*." We have noted several which are neither in Windisch nor in Dr. Meyer's Glossary. Of the significant comic proper names which occur in the course of the story (in regard to which it may be compared with the tale entitled *Airec menman Uraird meic Coia*) some are embodied in the Glossary and some are not.

Of the second version of the tale Dr. Meyer has only translated so much as does not cover the same ground as the first. In this way he has let himself off some of the most difficult passages, as though the substance of the omitted parts may be identical with that of the corresponding parts in the first version, the phraseology is often very different.

The last book on our list is interesting as bringing down the oral tradition of the Ultonian cycle to the present day. It makes no pretension to independent scientific research, and the modest hope expressed in the preface "that in the rising young generation some will arise to do much better work than I have done," would disarm the most stony-hearted critic.

CATS, CATS.*

WE have been made familiar of late with the characteristics of Mme. Ronner's talent, and this is a reproduction, at a reasonable price, of a volume published a few months ago for the luxurious only. Many of the originals of the illustrations have been seen in London, and their style is no longer unfamiliar. They represent the cat "at home," with all her graces and society languors; they paint her as a fine lady of assured position. She half-closes her eyes, and assumes a preoccupation of mind, as one to whose early adventures, or still occasional nightly prowlings, no reference is ever made in polite circles. In all Mme. Ronner's drawings the cat is presented as long-haired, sumptuous, and haughty. We shall be told that she is Persian, but we are inclined to wish that she could sometimes be changed. Her soft thick coat takes a little too much the place of voluminous drapery. All this is very magnificent, but we should like to see, just for once, how the gifted artist would represent the cat more in the nude, as it were, when her sleek body is clothed simply in

* *Henriette Ronner: the Painter of Cat Life and Character.* By M. H. Spielman. London: Cassell & Co.

an ordinary short-haired, close-fitting skin. The lines of Mrs. Grimalkin's body are so marvellously supple and harmonious that to have them always disguised and muffled up in those long-haired coverings is to lose much of their beauty. Mr. Spielman is right when he notes in how cowardly a way Puss has been avoided by the animal-painters in past times; but, when he describes as caricatures such cats as are to be found painted by the Old Masters, does he sufficiently take into account how much the external appearance of the animal may have changed with each century? A glance at the wild cat at the Zoological Gardens alone will give some idea of the alterations in outward aspect of which the cat is capable.

Praise of the charming illustrations to this book can scarcely, however, be too great, and the way in which Mme. Ronner succeeds in portraying the passing expressions of her subjects is often wonderful. The look of pride on the mother cat's face in "The Clock-Breakers," as she sits on the edge of the table, with her paws cosily tucked under her chest, and watches her large family of kittens making hay of the bric-à-brac, is a subtle study and very true to life. The numerous sketches of fluffy kittens asleep are equally fascinating; and we try in vain to make up our minds whether we love them best when they are fast asleep, with their features arranged in a kind of triangular pattern, suggestive of the well-known crest of the Isle of Man, or when they hold their dear silly eyes very wide open and gaze at nothing at all, while they spread out their soft, clumsy paws far in front of them. At each time they are adorable. The larger compositions have rather a set look, an appearance of being too much arranged, and as if extra kittens had occasionally been added to the number already there for the simple reason that it was hard to refuse them when they came tumbling into the room in such a fascinating way. We could wish, also, that in her love of truth Mme. Ronner had not so persistently represented the cat as being a destructive animal, an inveterate iconoclast in dealing with personal objects of domestic life. We know that they all do it; but we would rather have had that sad fact left for some iron-hearted lover of dogs to insist upon than to find it thus emphasized by the very high-priestess of the cat.

DIARY OF AN IDLE WOMAN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.*

MRS. ELIOT modestly describes her book as the *Diary of an Idle Woman*. Perhaps the "Diary of an Industrious Woman" would have been the more appropriate title. She not only saw everything worth seeing and otherwise, which is saying a great deal for a lady when we remember Mahomedan prejudices and the filth of the narrow thoroughfares in crowded Stamboul; but she had got up all the historical facts with an energy and acumen which do her infinite credit. The volume is an historical and social guide-book, in which picturesque and realistic description is interspersed with a series of brilliant dramatic scenes. No city—for we can scarcely except the Rome of the Republic, the Caesars, and the Pontiffs—is more rich in varied interest. The Byzantium of the magnificent Emperors of the East had passed through many melancholy transitions from grandeur to degradation before it was stormed by the Crusaders and sacked by the Ottomans. Its history had always been written in blood; the atmosphere had always been surcharged with intrigue and conspiracy, before it passed under the rule of the Turks, and a despotism tempered by revolt and assassination. Even now, it is in some respects a capital of Eastern Asia transplanted into Europe, and has more analogy with Kashgar or Peking than with Paris or London. On the other hand, no city is more cosmopolitan, and at each turn the stranger is impressed by its contrasts, till the contrasts cease to surprise him. Fanaticism and barbaric ignorance are entrenched among the mosques of Stamboul almost as strongly as ever. Pera and Galatea are the favourite resorts of the Europeans of mixed nationality, who live by rascality or sharp practice; and the call to prayer of the muezzins from the innumerable minarets is answered by the shriek of the steam-engine and the rattle of the tram-cars.

It is the fashion to go into raptures over Constantinople, and so far as the scenery and surroundings are concerned, it seems to us there is good reason. Mrs. Eliot, who is frank and almost aggressively independent, confesses that her first and second impressions were disappointment. It is true she arrived by the Orient Express, and the proper approach is by the waterways of the Dardanelles or the Bosphorus. Coming in by the site of what once was the famous Seven Towers is like entering a palace by a back door instead of by the grand entrance. As she drove through the lanes of Stamboul, crossed the creaking bridge at Galatea, and

climbed the hill by Pera to the aristocratic Frank quarter, everything appeared flimsy, mean, or squalid. Of course Constantinople, like all other Oriental cities, to far and filthy Peking, shows best from some distance. An attractive feature on the Pera Hill are the groves and clumps of dark cypresses which rise above the turbaned graves of the believers and present an effective background to the whitewashed buildings. But Mrs. Eliot was shocked by the neglected condition of the unenclosed cemetery, where the troops of yellow curs were free to roam among the thickets of weeds and the crumbling tombstones. That is characteristic of the *laissez-aller* of the Turkish city. Except when he is fighting or tilling his field, the Turk seems the incarnation of indifference and indolence. If he scarcely attends to urgent business of his own, he is not likely to trouble about the business of the community. He will never put his hand to work if he can live by charity, and his religion is singularly indulgent to that amiable weakness. So the streets are unswept and the garbage chokes the gutters. So the houses and hovels are never repaired till they are literally tumbling down; so Mrs. Eliot saw the great courts of the mosques, with their broad foliage and sparkling fountains, crowded with beggars and with the ragged pilgrims who had been begging their way from distant parts of the Empire. But, in the interests of æstheticism, she has graver charges to bring against the Turks than their negligence. More ruthlessly than the Roman barons of the Dark Ages, they have quarried the grand monuments of Christian art and transformed stately basilicas into hideous mosques. We think Mrs. Eliot is hard on the Moslem architects. Cairo and the cities of Southern Spain can show of what marvels of architectural beauty the Moslems are capable. But, whatever we may say of the style and proportions of those mosques, there can be no question that the destruction and desecration were heart-rending. The monuments of Byzantine magnificence were razed to the ground at the behests of fierce soldiers and barbarous Ministers who were constructing fortifications or palaces. Blocks of costly marble and the capitals of sculptured columns were applied to the vilest purposes; and it is impossible to say what treasures may be lying buried beneath the successive strata of the Constantinople which have been sacked, burned, and rebuilt.

Following topography rather than chronology, Mrs. Eliot revives, as we have said, with impressive realism the striking scenes of the past. Thus in what was the great basilica of St. Sophia, where the Greek Emperors were married and where they worshipped in state, she shows us Justinian and his ambitious consort, Theodora, followed by their household of fantastically named dignitaries; surrounded by their faithful Varangian guards; and treading in the vapour of incense on pavements bestrewn with gold dust. Centuries later, we see the beautiful and blood-stained Empress Irene, who ruled the Greek Church with a rod of iron, or rather with an executioner's sword, and who had her atrocious crimes condoned by her pious subjects when she restored the images and holy symbols which her predecessors had proscribed. The associations of St. Sophia with Irene are significant, for it was something to have a head of the Church who knew her mind and had the resolution to enforce her will. Even when undisturbed by foreign wars or dynastic broils, Constantinople was always the battle-ground of conflicting sects. The orthodox and the heretical, Arians, Nestorians, and Manichæans, flew to arms on the slightest provocation, and fought it out to the death. Not unfrequently they seized the auspicious occasion of some great ceremony in the Church or the Hippodrome, which was graced by the Imperial presence; and we are told that, unless the *émeute* took a seditious turn, it was not etiquette to interfere with the combatants. That Hippodrome, which was the great centre of Byzantine life and gaiety, which was enriched by the munificence of successive monarchs, and endowed with the bronzes and marbles of Phidias and Praxiteles, is said to have escaped almost uninjured till the sack by the Latins in 1204. Under the Turks the vast open space in the centre of the seething population was the scene of popular demonstrations and military revolts. It was thither the Janissaries would repair when they broke out in mutiny, or rather when they chose to signify their will, for they were the real masters of the Empire. When the Sultan heard the wild martial music which accompanied the significant upsetting of the soup-kettles, he knew that a revolution was accomplished, and that consequently his fate was sealed. It was the Hippodrome that witnessed the extermination of that formidable corps, as the citadel of Cairo had seen the massacre of the Mamelukes. Mrs. Eliot gives a graphic account of the surprise sprung upon the Mamelukes, who were the victims of their overweening self-confidence. They never dreamed of organized resistance, far less of defeat, till they found themselves beset by the unprivileged troops, and falling under a concentrated fire of artillery. By a strange irony of destiny, the Sultans and Caliphs had

* *Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople.* By Frances Eliot. London: John Murray. 1893.

been the servile instruments of those enfranchised slaves, the orphaned sons of infidel parents. Yet the Janissaries had deserved well of the Ottoman Princes, who without them would never have conquered their European Empire. Mrs. Eliot describes how, at the final storm of Constantinople, these *corps d'élite* were held in reserve, while the first assaults were delivered by clouds of undisciplined fanatics. Then, when the few defenders were worn out, the Janissaries swarmed up the ladders over walls believed to be impregnable. For the heroism was far from being all on the side of the assailants, and the last of the Greek Emperors died gallantly among his handful of faithful mercenaries, while his capital was in flames and his subjects were being slaughtered.

Not less interesting is the story of the recent Sultans, though necessarily, in its main facts, it is tolerably familiar. There is a most dramatic account of the deposition of Abdul Aziz, who was taken as much by surprise as the Janissaries when roused at dead of night by Redif Pasha in the seclusion of his harem. As to whether he really committed suicide Mrs. Eliot does not absolutely decide, though inclined to believe that he did. As she remarks, when Turks commit a State murder, they manage matters more neatly and silently than in that case. She gives a charming description of the love-idyl which led indirectly to the fall of Aziz, when he married the beautiful Mihri, to whose extravagance he sacrificed so much. Nor was the epilogue to that tragedy less thrilling when the fierce Circassian soldier, the brother of the ennobled slave, revenged his sister, his master, and his own disappointment, by running amuck among the Ministers assembled in Council. Nor does Mrs. Eliot pretend to know whether the deposed Murad is still living in the kiosk to which he was exiled. These Turkish kiosks and dungeons can always be trusted to keep their State secrets. On the whole, she gives a favourable sketch of the reigning Sultan. He is said to be enlightened and intelligent, is a water-drinker, almost a vegetarian, and a very hard worker. Yet his lot would appear to be more lamentable than that of the Czar. Like the Czar, he lives in constant terror of assassination, and secludes himself in the grounds of the Yildiz Kiosk, as the Czar in those of Gatchina. He has faith neither in his cooks nor his eunuchs. He is "a most unhappy-looking man, of dark complexion, with a look of absolute terror in his large Eastern eyes. . . . His eyes haunted me for days, as of one gazing at some unknown horror. So emaciated and unnatural is his appearance, that, were he a European, we should pronounce him in a swift decline."

CALENDARS OF STATE PAPERS, &c.*

THE Close Rolls here calendared by Mr. W. H. Stevenson, under the superintendence of Mr. Maxwell Lyte, the Deputy Keeper of the Records, cover the period from August 26, 1307—the day for which Edward II. summoned his first Parliament—to July 6, 1313, rather more than a year after the beheading of Piers Gaveston. Though the term "Close Roll" sounds familiar enough, it is probable that many would hesitate to state offhand the nature of a Close Roll, and therefore we quote the opening paragraphs of Mr. Lyte's preface:—

"The series of Close Rolls begins with the sixth year of King John, and extends down to the present time. They originally consisted of contemporary enrolments of Royal Letters Close, which were so called because, being of a comparatively private nature and addressed to particular persons, they were folded small and closed, apparently secured by a narrow strip of the parchment having the Great Seal dependent, and perhaps bearing the address. While the original document so issued by the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper, in the name of the Sovereign, was either sent back to the Chancery with a return of the proceedings taken in pursuance thereof, or, in some cases, retained by the person to whom it was directed, the enrolled copy remained in official custody, available for reference when necessary.

"The Close Rolls of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries contain entries of the most varied character, illustrating the history of every branch of the public administra-

tion, judicial, civil, naval, and military. They also contain copies of a vast number of deeds, agreements, and awards concerning private persons, which were exhibited in Chancery for enrolment. The biographer, the genealogist, the topographer, the philologist, and the student of the manners, arts, and commerce of the middle ages, may alike obtain from them information of great interest which is not to be found elsewhere."

The object of the present undertaking is to provide an English Calendar to the Close Rolls from the reign of Edward II. to that of Edward IV. inclusive. The Deputy Keeper, "considering the undesirability of encouraging students to refer directly to invaluable manuscripts, which must suffer from frequent handling," has caused the abstracts in the Calendar to be made so full that in ordinary cases there will be no need to consult the originals. An elaborate index has been provided, with an especial view to assist the reader in identifying proper names under all diversities of spelling. Ordinary Christian names have been modernized; but surnames have been given as they stand in the Rolls, even such a form as "William Williamesman de Crevequer" being preserved, though the index, if referred to under *Crevequer*, will reveal that what is meant is "William, man (i.e. servant) of William de Crevequer"—a construction analogous to that of "the King's daughter of Norwaway," and the like, familiar in ballads. There is also "John Williamesman de Crevequer," who, though named in the preface, has escaped the vigilance of the indexer. "Adam Ofthebakehus" looks mysterious at first sight, but is easily resolved into his component parts. In John de Crumbwell, Constable of the Tower, and Ralph de Crumbwell, Knight, we have no doubt early forms of the surname afterwards famous as Cromwell. Names of places are mostly given *literatim* in the text, though "obviously Latinized forms" have been translated, and in the index modern forms have been added, when the places "can be identified with certainty and without difficulty." We venture to suggest that "Dernhale," the seat of a Cistercian convent, afterwards moved to Vale Royal, is presumably the modern Darnhall, well known to Cheshire hunting men. In the Close Rolls the entries concerning "Dernhale" relate to the delivery of a yearly tun of wine "for the celebration of divine service," granted by Edward I., who "founded that monastery in Cheshire in fulfilment of a vow made by him when in peril of the sea," and "afterwards removed it from Dernhale to a place called 'Whetenhalewes' and 'Munchen Wro,' which place he called 'Vale Royal.'" Here, again, the maps of the Cheshire Hunt will supply us with Wettenhall as the probable modern equivalent for "Whetenhalewes." It is in accordance with the general character of Edward II.'s Administration that, as we learn from an entry in 1312, his father's grant to Dernhale had been allowed to be six years in arrear.

Other religious houses also had grants of wine for the same sacred purpose; but we see more of the King's requisitions upon the monasteries than of his bounty. Requests or orders addressed to the abbots and brethren, to lodge and board, often for life, old and broken-down Royal servants, frequently meet the eye—orders more or less peremptory, in cases where, doubtless, the Crown, as founder, could legally demand a corrody, and requests where it could only exert influence—as when, after a request that the prior and convent of Coventry will admit "Master Hugh de Titmersashe, mason," and will find him "for life the necessaries of life according to his estate," the significant words follow, "in consideration of which the King will be more ready to augment the profits of their house." The abbess and convent of St. Mary's, Winchester, are requested to grant to Juliana de Leygrave, niece of the King's foster-mother, "as much as a nun is entitled to in their house," and to provide her "a suitable chamber" when she wishes to stay there. Here, though the form is that of request, the King puts forward a sort of claim, on the ground that the sisterhood is bound to admit a nun on his nomination. One feels a pity for "Robert de la Naperie, who was maimed in the King's service so that he cannot work any more"; for "John le Blak, the King's envoy, . . . who is now too infirm to work"; for "John de Brothele, who was maimed in the late King's service in Gascony"; and for "John de la Marche, who was maimed of his hands in the King's service"; but the monks upon whom they were quartered no doubt thought of them only as unwelcome encumbrances. And the burthen was often no light one. "The necessaries of life according to his estate" is an elastic phrase; but in some cases not only has the King's nominee himself to be provided for, but also his horse and groom, or even two horses and grooms and a yeoman besides. The entries often show what efforts were made to resist or evade the royal requisitions. Thus, the abbot and convent of Burton-on-Trent, being requested to

* Calendar of the Close Rolls preserved in the Public Record Office. Prepared under the superintendence of the Deputy Keeper of the Records. Edward II., A.D. 1307-1313. Published by Authority of Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. Edinburgh and Glasgow: Menzies & Co. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co., Lim.

Calendar of the Proceedings of the Committee for Compounding, &c., 1643-1660, preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Cases, July 1650-December 1653. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green, Author of "The Lives of the Princesses of England," &c. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. Edinburgh and Glasgow: Menzies & Co. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.

admit Thomas de Bannebury, knight, plead poverty—"theirs is the poorest and smallest abbey of their order in England, and is more heavily charged in proportion to its means." But the King "learns from trustworthy evidence" that this excuse "deviates in many ways from the truth"; so the knight has an order for his admittance "without delay." It is probable, however, that their resistance had some effect, for about six months later we find the King trying to get a Thomas de Bannebury, presumably the same man, comfortably bestowed, with his yeoman and his two grooms and his two horses, in some one of the abbot of Fécamp's English manors. In similar cases, the abbot and convent of St. Osyth's plead that they can hardly pay their debts, while the prior and convent of Butley, in Suffolk, urge that "their house is subject to divers contributions and to many losses by the inundation of the sea, and much charged with loans." This triple excuse the King considers to be "frivolous and inane." One may deplore, but one can hardly be surprised, that the monks should feel so little interest in the worn-out servants of the Crown. Less pardonable is the lack of public spirit shown by the abbot of Ford, in Devonshire, who excuses himself from aiding the King "with the loan of victuals for his Scotch war"—that war which Edward I. had with his dying breath commended to the zeal of his successor. The young King is, conventionally, "much astonished to find that the abbot excuses himself in a matter that so touches the honour of the King and kingdom." But, after all, it is a long way from Devon to the Scottish Border, and "the dishonour and damage" inflicted by the Scottish enemy could hardly be expected to be vividly present to the minds of Devon monks. There was no imminent danger of their finding themselves in the plight of the Galloway men, who, albeit Scots, or at least Picts, sided with their English overlord, and were in consequence obliged to seek safe pasture for their beasts and sheep within the King's forest of Inglewood. An order, dated from Clipstone, September 25, 1307, to "the justice of the Forest this side Trent," directs that these Galloway loyalists are to be protected and allowed to depasture their animals without charge, "they having come thither, as the King understands, through fear of Robert de Brus and his accomplices, the King's enemies and rebels."

Every student of history, taking the term in its widest sense, must hope that this valuable Calendar will be successfully carried on to its termination. Even a glance over the pages will be sufficient to show that the Deputy Keeper of the Records makes no vain boast when he asserts that "the biographer, the genealogist, the topographer, the philologist" will all find matter of interest to them in the Close Rolls. The mention of the philologist reminds us of a few philological puzzles which occur in this volume. The "*bausam* horse," which appears untranslated at p. 468, we take to be a horse with some variety of dark and light markings—piebald, skewbald, spotted, dappled, bald-faced, as the case may be (*vide* Dr. Murray's Dictionary *s.v.* *bausond*)—and probably akin to the *baustandus* horse at p. 506, rendered "black dappled." But what may "a bay 'doym' horse" (p. 506) be, and what are "*haieretti* or *haiercii* dogs"?

From the early fourteenth century we leap to the middle of the sixteenth century. The Calendar of the proceedings of the Committee for compounding with delinquents—i.e. Cavaliers and Papists, and generally all who were obnoxious to the ruling Puritan power—has reached its fourth part, covering the period from July 1650 to December 1653. A fifth part, which is to contain an "introduction to the cases," will be ready in two or three months, and will conclude the work. The proceedings of the Committee, though necessarily somewhat dry and monotonous reading, leave a vivid impression of the worry and misery which the Civil Wars and the Puritan ascendancy brought upon hundreds of obscure men and women. On page after page, unfortunate people whose estates, or, in the case of wives and widows, whose husbands' estates, have been sequestered for delinquency, plead for lenient treatment on the ground of their extreme want and poverty, their sickness and infirmities, their age, their youth, and what not; they declare that they are victims of private malice—as in the case of Ralph Richards, constable of Haybridge Hundred, who avers that he "was prosecuted through malice by Thos. Helmore, of Cadley, a drunkard, against whom he had informed for fraud in collecting assessments." They protest that they always loved the Parliament, or that, if they did not, they have now come to a better mind. Richard Tyle, of Marfield, Berks, admits having been "drawn in" to serve the Royalists for three months; but urges that he has "since served Parliament and went over to Ireland with his Excellency [Cromwell] as his menial servant." This piece of information may interest biographers of Cromwell. Diligent students of the Civil War period will no doubt find much else that is noteworthy in the volume, while the less dili-

gent may look forward to the forthcoming fifth part, with the "introduction" promised by Mrs. Everett Green, which will presumably point out what is most remarkable or important in the mass of cases calendared.

NEW MUSIC.

EDWIN ASHDOWN (Limited) publish an abundance of pianoforte music suitable for the drawing-room. "Pictures from Abroad" are a set of fourteen short pieces by Maude V. White, which will be heartily welcomed by amateurs. They take us from Capri to Norway, by way of Switzerland, Hungary, Poland, and St. Petersburg, and home again. The journey affords a peg on which to hang a very varied and spirited series of character sketches. Some are purely descriptive, such as No. 1, a poetical rendering of the impression of tranquil sea and sky at night, while others represent national scenes by borrowing the trick of national music, which gives them life and character. All exhibit the skill and feeling that Miss White has long accustomed us to expect in her work. "Douze Pièces," by G. Flaxland, are a set of very short pieces, in one volume, of a familiar kind, and labelled "Berceuse," "Caprice," "Bluette," and so forth. The composer does not say so, but they seem to be meant for young players, and that is their chief merit. In this direction they will supply a perennial want; for, while educationally unobjectionable in the schoolroom, they are at the same time sufficiently agreeable to bear reproduction in the drawing-room for the benefit of "company."

"Trois Morceaux de Salon," by J. Ragghianti, are thin and rather pretentious. We prefer the same composer's "Petits Poèmes," a set of eight short compositions in the romantic style, some of which, particularly "Au lac," "L'Angelus," and "Désirs," are tasteful and pleasant enough, though displaying no great resources either of invention or scholarship. "Valse Caprice," "Intermezzo," "Valse Hongroise," and "Scherzino," by Ignace Gibsone, are skilful nothings by an expert hand, and well devised to supply a stimulus to conversation in Bayswater or to begin the programme at a local charity concert. "Valse" and "Album Leaf," by Edward German, belong to the same order, though to a higher class in it. So, also, "Three Characteristic Dances"—Hungarian, Norwegian, and Polish—by Frederic Mullen. In these the touch of national character, which carries with it a substitute for distinction, will, no doubt, suffice to commend them to many. All the above are thoroughly popular in style, and do not pretend to be anything else.

"The Whisper of the Stars," a song by Joseph L. Roeckel, from the same publishers, is conventional, but unusually pretty. One cannot but admire the skill that is able to ring the changes of note and rhythm so deftly as to set within the compass of one octave such an eternal theme as Good-night! exactly in the old, old style, and yet with a difference. At any rate, this way is better than trying to force originality.

From Novello, Ewer, & Co. we have the following miscellaneous items. "At the Sign of the Golden Bell," by Herbert W. Wareing, Mus. Doc., a capital bass or low baritone song, with a rolling 6-8 swing that ought to make it popular anywhere. "Orpheus with his Lute," by Edward German, a sympathetic and musicianly setting of one of the most musical lyrics in the language. "Mourn in Hope," Tennyson's lines on the Duke of Clarence, set to music as a song by Sebastian B. Schlesinger, and not altogether happily. The song begins with three incongruous lines of pianoforte introduction, flagrantly imitated from Curschmann, and goes on with a plentiful lack of originality, uncompensated by an excess of charm. Dulness is not a satisfactory substitute for solemnity. "A Prayer to Sleep," song by Marguerite Marigold, shows a very pretty gift of melody and excellent taste. "Twelve new Carols for Christmastide" are astonishingly, even painfully, unsatisfactory, considering the high standing of the composers responsible for them. They are really a set of rather inferior modern hymns, without an atom of the genuine spirit of the Christmas Carol from first to last, except perhaps in the concluding specimen by Sir John Stainer. *The Elements of Music*, by George L. Allan, is an admirably clear and full exposition of first principles from the very beginning up to elementary harmony and modulation. Though meant particularly for students of vocal music, it is equally suitable for all beginners, and we heartily recommend it for school use. "Marjory's Fortune" (W. Morley & Co.), by C. Roget Légué, is a cleverly-constructed ballad of a simple and familiar type.

"The Lass for a Sailor" (Phillips & Page), by J. W. Elliott, has the first-rate recommendation of being sung by Mr. Santley, and deserves it. "O give me all thy heart," by Frances Allitsen, is commonplace.

J. Curwen & Sons publish a second series of *Shakespearean Songs for Schools*, by George Stokes. They are set for three voices, with an occasional solo, and are admirably adapted for use in schools.

"La Trinidadienne," by Jean Vilain, is a dance "dedicated to Sir William Markby and Sir Frederick Pollock, on the occasion of their visit to Trinidad." This colonial tribute is a pretty and plaintive composition of no great pretensions, in G minor, and evidently designed to express a sentiment of regret, as the concluding bars are fitted to these ominous words:—"The judges are no more." It is fully scored for orchestra, and ought to sound very well on a band.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. WALISZEWSKI'S title⁽¹⁾ may lead those who entertain distrust of and dislike for the "romance of history"—who would much rather have their romance neat and their history unadulterated—to feel some apprehension. They may be reassured. To write about his particular subject without some "scandal about Queen Elizabeth"—that is to say, about Empress Catherine—would be impossible or idiotic. But M. Waliszewski has, on the whole, kept the middle path between foolish closing of the eyes to fact and lavish indulgence in unclean fiction fairly well. It is long since Mr. Carlyle complimented Catherine on the extremely gentlemanly manner in which she behaved to her lovers—a point in which few persons of her own sex, and, we fear, fewer of the other, have equalled her. It was not merely that she was lavish in the first outbursts of affection; that, for instance, at your installation, you found the agreeable sum of 100,000 roubles in gold in a sort of *corbeille*—and that pensions, estates, offices (in which, however, you had to be a faithful servant of the State), serfs, and so forth, were yours at pleasure. But with Catherine, to obtain her favour once was, as it rarely is with man or woman, to preserve a kind of favour always, or at least during any sort of moderately good behaviour. Long after her favourites had given way to successors, they enjoyed her friendship and her bounty; indeed, it was their own fault if they ever lost either. More than this, commonplace morality must be astonished at finding that the quality of Catherine's affection was what, in less equivocal circumstances of display, would be pronounced of a very high kind, as different as possible from mere greedy sensuality on the one hand and mere fickle caprice on the other. M. Waliszewski's chief examples are drawn from the correspondence between her and "Patiomkine" (whom, with much pains, the guileless reader discovers to be his old friend Potemkin), the most intelligent and deserving, no doubt, of all her lovers, but one who might have tried even a humble and virtuous Griselda, let alone an irresponsible Semiramis, with no prejudices and very few principles. Long, however, after he had ceased to be Catherine's favourite in chief, she continued in constant and affectionate correspondence with him, interfering, indeed, when she thought he was acting to the prejudice of the State, but exhibiting personally the attitude of a loving, if somewhat "superior," husband to a well-beloved, but rather fractious, wife.

Nor does M. Waliszewski by any means confine himself to seraglio matters. He has given a very good sketch of the history of Catherine's reign and a picture of her intellectual character. Of her physical appearance he is, as usual, only able to give us the most irreconcilable descriptions. One authority says that her eyes were brown, another that they were blue; one that her nose was aquiline, another that it was "tout à fait grec." There is less dissent about certain points of her character, such as her invariable kindness and consideration for servants and inferiors, while her actions as a sovereign speak for themselves. It was she much more than Peter the "Great" who made Russia a Power, and it is difficult, on the whole, to find much fault with her general policy. Of the greatest blot and the greatest mystery of her career M. Waliszewski has absolutely nothing certain to say. Peter III. was a brute, no doubt, and a foolish brute, and, as his failure to follow stout old Münich's advice of salvation for him showed, an irresolute, if not cowardly, brute; but, still, killing your husband is a strong measure. On the circumstances of the killing M. Waliszewski is quite vague, and altogether declines to endorse the confident, if contradictory, particularity of last-century narrative. Whether the Czar was poisoned or strangled, who did it, whether Catherine ordered it or merely condoned it, he leaves, as wise historians do leave things on which there is no trustworthy evidence, open to conjecture. But it is impossible not to approve his remark, made in a very different spirit from that of the common class of

biographer, that, whether Catherine ordered it or not, she must be taken as having inspired it. And it was a strong measure.

The idea of M. Rod's *Vie privée de Michel Teissier* (2) appears from his own account to have been inspired by the catastrophe of Mr. Parnell's career. Perhaps the resemblance will hardly seem very strong on this side of the Channel, while on that, it appears, Mr. Parnell is "un grand homme d'état." Michel Teissier is a strong Conservative deputy and newspaper proprietor-editor. He has a particular horror of the law of divorce. Whereupon fate, *savoleta negotio* as usual, makes him fall out of love with his wife and into love with a younger friend of hers who returns his affection. Whence it will be observed that divorce affords the solution. M. Rod has complicated the situation with sufficient ingenuity, and has worked it out with abundance of his usual patient, pessimist, slightly "tormented" analysis. He is an author of whom one does not like to speak disrespectfully, for his intellectual ability is great, and his literary faculty still greater. But here, as elsewhere, the longing to give what is called familiarly a good shaking both to him and to his personages besets one. They all move in a kind of morbid dream, and we really do not know that a fire-hose of considerable diameter might not be exhibited with even better effect than a shaking to them.

Some years ago a serious attempt was made to replant the tapestry industry in England, but after some years' struggle the experiment, we believe, failed. Perhaps it may be renewed with better success, though the decay of independent taste, and the greater and greater accumulation of money in the hands of those who simply follow leading tracks of fashion, are against it. In any case, M. Gerspach's book (3) must be useful for reference on its subject.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE fortune of books, like the fortune of war and some other things that wax and wane beneath the moon, is strangely uncertain and capricious. It is agreeable, no doubt, to believe that no work of merit is altogether neglected, or cast as rubbish to the void, though facts are against the belief. Unquestionably some books of value do perish utterly, and some are shelved for a lengthy period and await the day of revival, of which fate we have an example in the new edition, in two volumes, of Arthur Young's *Tour in Ireland*, edited by A. W. Hutton (Bell & Sons). Mr. John Anderson's bibliography of Young shows that this work, published in 1780, was reprinted in Dublin the same year, and has never since been reprinted in full until this present occasion. Mr. Hutton is exercised concerning the neglect of Young. He observes, it is true, that historians and economists have consulted Young not a little within the last thirty years. Yet for a long period oblivion was Young's portion. Perhaps, the notorious caprice of fortune is an explanation sufficient to those who are not philosophers. Or we may find a better explanation in the remark of one of Young's friends quoted in the preface to the "Travels in France." "Your *Tour in Ireland* (he was pleased to say) is one of the best accounts of the country I have read; yet it had no great success. Why? because the chief part of it is a farming diary, which, however valuable it may be to consult, nobody will read." But Mr. Hutton suggests other explanations of the neglect of Young. He thinks that when Young became a Government official he became an unsympathetic Tory, and so lost touch of popular movements; and that his failure as a practical farmer led men to distrust his advice; and, again, that the literary defects of his work contributed to the neglect. Here be reasons, indeed, but we cannot say that they are at all convincing. The verdict of Young's candid friend is far more satisfactory. Young's political views, like those of almost every thinker of the time, underwent a decided change at the close of the century. The French Revolution affected him precisely as it affected Burke, though the writings of Burke did not cease to be read on that account. But even if we take into consideration the prejudices of farmers and the general distaste for statistics, "turnip courses," drainage and planting schemes, and so forth, it seems not a little strange that Young's work was no great success. Other descriptive tours of his time, such as Gilpin's, were decidedly popular, and Young's Irish tour certainly ranks among the best. As to the value of the work, as a whole, there can be no two opinions. Out of date as a political economist Young may be, as Mr. Hutton says, yet his views on Free-trade, on legislative interference with industries, on foreign competition,

(2) *La vie privée de Michel Teissier*. Par Edouard Rod. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Répertoire détaillé des tapisseries des Gobelins*. Par E. Gerspach. Paris: Levasseur.

(1) *Le roman d'une impératrice, Catherine II*. Par K. Waliszewski. Paris: Plon.

on the relations of consumer and producer, are curiously modern. The second part of the *Tour* abounds in such admirable observations on planting, reclaiming land, and other agricultural matters, as can never be out of date. For example, the chapter on planting timber trees stands good for all time. Young tells us he was "petrified" at seeing young trees pruned in Ireland, a custom not observed in England in his time. His remarks might have been written by Mr. Michie, or some other good forester of the present day. Unhappily, the barbarous and ignorant practice is now followed in England, since the introduction of an atrocious American implement known as the "mighty cutter." But not the planter only, or the owner of plantations, should read this excellent reprint of Young's *Tour in Ireland*. Everybody should read it.

Mr. Charles Dalton's *English Army Lists and Commission Registers* (Eyre & Spottiswoode) is a work of great historical interest, and one that has obviously entailed upon the editor a prodigious amount of labour. This first volume of a chronological and fully-indexed list of commissions in the English army extends from 1661—the first year of our standing army—to 1714. Two hundred and eight years ago the first English army list was printed. The editor, one Nathan Brooks, writes in his preface of "the unspeakable drudgeries undergone in collecting these military lists." Since that date no list appeared until 1740. Mr. Dalton's material has been collected, and we must add, tabulated with excellent results, from MS. lists, preserved in various forms at the Public Record Office. The "drudgeries" of which editor Brooks complained were, indeed, but play compared with the work Mr. Dalton has wrestled with and shaped to clear and conveniently-arranged issues. Many famous names occur in these early lists of commissions—such as Ensign John Churchill, 1667; William Wicherley (the poet), lieutenant in the Duke of Buckingham's regiment of foot, 1672; "Monsr. Shomberg," 1673, afterwards Duke of Schomberg; George Monk, Duke of Albemarle; Prince Rupert; Robert Byron and his brother, the first Lord Byron; and men who subsequently distinguished themselves in the navy, and became admirals—such as Sir Robert Holmes, Sir E. Spragge, Sir Thomas Hopson, and Sir George Rooke.

The word "Democracy" seems to have supplemented that blessed word Mesopotamia in the favour of the many who write for the multitude. Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, who protests that his *Revolution and Reaction in Modern France* (George Allen) is not a history, but rather a sketch of political thought and political parties since the Revolution, is desirous of addressing the Democracy of England. He urges with some force that the history of modern France is "a striking piece of democratic experience." Therefore he has thought it "worth while to lay it clearly before the Democracy of England." Now, if this phrase means anything, it means that Mr. Dickinson's book is offered to the multitude, and that the multitude is competent to profit by the lessons of history it contains. The lessons, indeed, are excellent, and are admirably set forth; but Mr. Dickinson is singularly sanguine if he believes that they will reach or teach the people.

For English students of microscopic science Mr. Wynne E. Baxter has translated Dr. Henri van Heurck's technical and practical treatise, *The Microscope: its Construction and Management* (Crosby Lockwood & Son), a rendering of the fourth French edition, illustrated by some hundreds of diagrams.

Mr. Douglas Sladen's example has been followed by other writers of English verse, and with charming results, as shown by two books before us made in Japan, printed on crêpe, and published in Tokyo by T. Hasegawa. *Niponese Rhymes and Japanese Jingles*, by Mae St. John Bramhall (Sampson Low & Co.), is a pretty example in this fashion, though the imprint of somewhat small type on the crinkled page might have been more legible. The verses are scarcely up to the artistic standard of the designs in colour, which are altogether delightful.

Another of Mr. Hasegawa's attractive publications is Mr. Archibald Little's translation of an old Chinese legend, a genuine "nursery classic," *The Rat's Complaint* (Sampson Low & Co.), capably illustrated by a Japanese artist, and beautifully printed.

Mr. Albert Edward Sterner's drawings for Mr. G. W. Curtis's *Prue and I* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.) are happily sympathetic with the spirit and sentiment of the writer's pleasant meditations on the pleasures of the imagination. The collaboration of artist and author is remarkably successful.

From Mr. G. Hedeler, of Leipzig, we have received the second part of the useful and handy *Verzeichniss der Bibliotheken*, published by him, and compiled by P. E. Richter, of the Dresden Royal Library. This International List of Libraries comprises the larger public libraries of the world, with the number of volumes, special features, and other particulars. In addition to the libraries of France, Spain, Italy, Greece, Roumania, and other European countries, the present instalment deals with those of

South Africa, India, Japan, Australia, South and Central America, and Mexico.

Dod's Peerage &c. (Whittaker & Co.) for 1893 is too old and approved a favourite with all who use books of reference to call for any special commendation of the present, the fifty-third annual issue.

Hazell's Annual (Hazell, Watson, & Viney) may also be said to be, though young, of useful information compact, both as an epitome of the year's history and as a record of men and matters of public interest. With regard to the men of the time, however, would it not be better to reject rumours and give nothing but facts? For example, it might be interesting to know something more of that "social and literary club" which Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson had started, as reported somewhat vaguely, "in Africa."

We have also received *London during the Great Rebellion*, being a memoir of Sir Abraham Reynardson, Knt., by Charles M. Clode, F.S.A. (Harrison & Sons); *Lord Rosse and the Gospel*, by E. L. Garbett (Reeves); *The Four Men*, by James Stalker, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton); *High and Low Church*, by Lord Norton (Percival & Co.); *The Dream*, translated from the French of Emile Zola, by Eliza E. Chase (Chatto & Windus); *Ottillie*, by Vernon Lee, second edition (Unwin); *Pansies and Folly-Bells*, by Samuel Reid (Isbister & Co.); *An Introduction to the Study of Rhetoric*, by the Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O.S.B. (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Grammar of the Dano-Norwegian Language*, by J. Y. Sargent, M.A. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); *A Catechism on the Church, the Kingdom of God*, by the Rev. Charles Stephen Grueber, new edition, enlarged (Parker & Co.); *Sinai*, by the late Henry Spencer Palmer, new edition, revised by the Rev. Professor Sayce (S.P.C.K.); *The Book of Judges*, with notes, &c. by John Sutherland Black, M.A., "Smaller Cambridge Bible" (Clay & Sons); *A Fool's Passion, and other Poems*, by B. E. J. C. (Eglington & Co.); *The Eve of the French Revolution*, by Edward J. Lowell (Boston: Houghton & Co.); *Monk and Knight*, by Frank W. Gunsauls (Nelson & Sons); *In a Forest Glade*, by E. Arden Minty (Digby, Long, & Co.); *The Song of America and Columbus*, by Kinahan Cornwallis (New York: "Daily Investigator"); *The Cycle Calendar; or, 128 Years Cycle System of Measuring Time*, by Alexander Griffith (Eyre & Spottiswoode); *Old Gamul*, a Lyric Play, by Thomas Newbigging (Unwin); *Comparative Architecture*, by Barr Ferree (New York: "Journal of Institute of Architects"); *Translation of Report of the Council of Administration of Ottoman Public Debt, 1891-92*, by Mr. Vincent Caillard; *The Desire of Beauty*, by Theodore Child (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.); *The Kingdom of the Zore, and other Poems*, by Robert Ballard (Digby, Long, & Co.); *Trixie's Visit to the Land of Nod*, by Clara Bradford (Simpkin & Co.); *Shall Girls Propose?* (Gay & Bird); and *The Bishop and the Caterpillar and other Pieces*, by Mary E. Manners (Clarke & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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